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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

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Price Ten Cents.



SHE TRAVELS WELL HEELED.

SOME EFFICACIOUS AND SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS ADOPTED BY AN OPERATIC QUEEN TO PROTECT HER DIAMONDS FROM THE NIMBLE CLUTCHES OF THE BANDITS OF NEW YORK.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, March 8, 1884.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

THE POLICE GAZETTE

AND

Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings

ARE THE ONLY PAPERS

PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

"CONTRABAND NEWS" on page 6.

ZOLA is fat and sensual-looking enough to be one of his own heroes.

OUR cigar-makers are on strike. As usual, the affair will end in smoke.

FIRE-BOYS of the United States, get ready for the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 339.

JOHN SWINTON's paper has a dangerous rival. George Francis Train's *New Bill Tweed* is out.

RHEUMATISM seems to be able to do what four years of war could not—down Gen. Grant.

PARSON NEWMAN hasn't been a friend of Gen. Grant's for nothing. He has learned how to fight.

MRS. COFFIN, of New Jersey, wants the Legislature to change her name. She says it is a dead give away.

HENRY IRVING has visited Niagara Falls and approved of them. They will consequently continue to flow.

A STATEN ISLAND woman has given birth to triplets, and the suicide of her husband is daily looked for.

SOME one ought to write a dime novel about the negro, Rugg. He is a prize hero for one of those exciting tales.

THE sweet notes of the singers in Cincinnati brought some \$6,000 in bank-notes into the treasury of the Relief Fund.

HENRY IRVING's receipts in Chicago averaged over \$18,000 a week. We didn't know there were so many fools out there.

A CLEVELAND woman who married a negro has gone crazy. Of course, she was perfectly sane when she made the match.

CHINESE GORDON seems to have hit upon the right plan for governing the Sudan. It is to rule it with honesty and humanity.

THE United States takes such good care of its Indians, that out at Fort Buford they have had to eat their dogs to keep from starving.

AFTER the floods come the blizzards. The man who can't find variety enough in our climate must, indeed, be a chronic kicker.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to William E. Dodge. It ought to be made of lead, cast abroad, and imported as a work of art without duty.

AN insane asylum, on a large scale, is a necessity for Ohio, if the reports of the weird and acrobatic religious revivals out there are true.

THIS seems to have been a cold winter for the moonshiners in the South, but somehow or other whisky is as plentiful and as cheap there as ever.

THE Howard sisters are making a big hit on the road. The Howards are a couple of charming little artists, and deserve all the good luck they can win.

THE New England mills are getting wages down so fine that it won't be long before their hands will have to pay them for the privilege of dying of starvation.

THE Fire Departments of the United States will find No. 339 of the POLICE GAZETTE the treat of the year.

VANDERBILT is hungry again. He wants to swallow three blocks more of Fourth avenue. Why not give him the city and let us move over to Jersey or Brooklyn?

LIKE everything else that Barnum has ever had anything to do with, the white elephant isn't what it is represented to be anyway. It is simply a common elephant with the itch.

PICCOLOMINI, who was an operatic sensation in this city a quarter of a century ago, is now an old woman in very destitute circumstances. Her condition is attributed to her having married an Italian Marquis. If he had been a Prince she would have starved to death long ago.

ALL the honor which can be given the dead was given to those of the Jeannette, who arrived here last week. The solemn rites which were celebrated, were very grand and edifying, but they won't make their subjects sleep the eternal sleep any sounder. And such is glory! A funeral procession and a hole in the ground—who wouldn't lose his life for such a reward?

OUR vigilant police ought to turn their vigorous attention to Washington square. That fine old park is now the stamping-ground of the worse gang of garrouters in the city. They infest South Fifth avenue, Cornelia street, and the vicinity. Over 100 men have been hung up by them, and it is about time some efforts were made to put an end to their depredations.

THE capture of the desperado Rugg shows what a cowardly rabble the Long Islanders are. If it had not been for the school-teacher who boldly invaded the church in which he was intrenched the sable malefactor would have escaped. What Long Island evidently needs most is a new population—a population of real men who will be able to take care of themselves.

AN amateur burglar has been discovered in New York. He has been more successful in his nefarious business than most professionals are. But according to his own story he devoted more brains to his work. Intelligence and talent make a terrific team in law-breaking, as well as the other polite professions. The amateur in question evidently possesses a genius for his chosen walk of crime.

GEN. HENRY H. BAXTER, one of our most noted sports, died at his house on Fifth avenue, last week. The General dated from Rutland, Vt., and for many years was a prominent operator on Wall street. He was also prominent in railroad affairs. It is to his efforts and expenditures that much of the present prosperity of Rutland, where he had a magnificent country residence, is due.

ODETTE has turned up in real life in Paris. The Prince of Beauforemont wants to have trustees appointed to manage the estate of the Princess, who does not live with him, and whom he accuses of the most willful extravagance. Her creditors pursue her all over Europe, and she recently bought twenty-five thousand francs' worth of laces and three hundred thousand in jewelry without his consent. She borrowed three million francs during the war, and she still owes most of it. Another argument in favor of a reasonable divorce law in France.

THERE is a terrific row among the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House. It seems that an assessment of \$3,500 has been made on all the box owners, and most of them are kicking because Vanderbilt and Gould are assessed no more than any of the rest of them, though they are a good deal richer. The fact is, the new Opera House snobs want a theatre of their own, but they don't want to pay for it. They are sore now because Abbey dares refuse to risk ruining himself next season to give them opera, and are venting their spleen among themselves. For downright, dirty meanness and unadulterated gall, you have got to look to a New York rich man every time.

THAT champion she-snob of America, the wife of Bonanza Mackey, is creating another effluvia for herself in Paris. She paid Meissonier, the great painter, \$13,000 for a portrait of herself, and then got so mad because it looked like her, instead of making her young and handsome, that she burned it up. Only think of it! Men have died in agony and despair, and women and children been beggared and starved through the crooked dealings by which the silver nabob gathered the money which his beggar-on-horseback-wife feeds to the flames. If this woman, who does not appreciate her own good fortune, had thrown herself into the fire instead of her picture, the world would not have mourned its loss so much. You can find a vulgar woman whenever you want one, but masterpieces are not painted every day.

BACK numbers containing "Contraband News" can be obtained from this office.

THE Richard K. Fox lode has been christened at Glarieta, New Mexico, by Mountain Tom Gillespie. Mountain Tom's mine ought to be one of the richest in the land with such a name.

THE result of the Murray-Henry fight shows that when men mean business they can have all the fun in the ring they want. Now let some of our windy champions stop blowing and give us some real blows.

LORENZO LEONARD NIGHTINGALE, the hero of the novel "Cape Cod Folks," sued the publisher for libel because his real name was used in the novel. No wonder. A man with such a name has a perfect right to object to having it made public.

To numerous inquiries as to the authorship of "Contraband News" we can only reply that he is a literary man of admitted eminence, famous as one of the most brilliant correspondents with the army during the war, and that his statements may be implicitly relied on.

SOME French speculators are getting up a wax-works museum for New York, in which busts of Vanderbilt and Gould will figure among the other curiosities. Wax models of the consciences of the great monopolists would be more interesting to the public than their portraits.

THE development of blackmail as a fine legal art seems to have been left to a New York lawyer. He has been squeezing money from the keepers of our houses of ill-fame on the representation that he had it in his power to arrest the persons they leased their houses from, and so destroy their business. They gave up readily until they became suspicious, when they caused his arrest, and he is likely to discover that the law does not make it a virtue to plunder even a law-breaker.

THERE has been another dreadful coal-mine explosion in Pennsylvania, but people will feel none the less comfortable and warm for the fact that the fires which warm them have been purchased at the cost of human lives. Indeed, from the general condition of misery the miners have been ground down to, it is an open question whether an accident which removes them from life without making them guilty of the crime of suicide is not to be regarded as a blessing rather than a misfortune.

THE arrest of ship-builder Bayles and his wife, at Jamaica, L. I., for abducting the colored girl, Cella Gills, and causing the death of her mother, reads like a chapter from "The Wandering Jew." According to all accounts, these people had the girl working for them for nothing, and her mother obtained a place for her with an emolument attached. Her first master and mistress tried to get her back, and on the plea that Cella had been converted a Methodist minister followed her to Williamsburgh and tried to get her away from her parent. Finally, when mother and daughter were in the street together the Bayles's fell upon them, and the man attacked the poor old woman while his wife spirited the girl away. The mother they had robbed was left to stagger home and die of her injuries. If this story was told in a romance it would be called incredible. But it is in the newspapers, and it remains to be seen what commentary the law will make on it.

SHE ISN'T A NUN.

MOUNT CLEMENS Feb. 17.
Michigan

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
As I noticed in the last week's issue of Your paper my name or rather Stage-Name Nellie Palmer ha ha ha that makes me grin. Mr. Fox I notice the papers say I'm a Nun I want You to distinctly understand I'm no nun nor never expect to be one. Now my dear Mr. Fox I do wish that You would refute that statement & if You Will I assure you that Your kindness will never be effaced from my memory, for good God that is sad to think of that When people address me they will be under the impression that I am an escaped nun escaped nun escaped nun for heavens sake. now look here What I want to tell You is this, I know it will not interest You but I cannot refrain from writing it. You know I'm not of age yet but I am still stage struck. My Parents have endeavored their utmost to reform me of my intentions & they intertain the idea that they have accomplished. Well that is all rite I hope they will continue thinking so but I dont think so You see my Parents differ in opinions: I will admit that they have destroyed the tree but the roots are still unimpaired & dont You disremember. & Wait untill next Fall, when the leaves begin to turn no badey will know where Poor Little Nellie is gone hante that sad.

Now realey Mr Fox do You think there is eney particular harm in being an Actress. Eeven if it is on the Variety Stage ass the old saying goes I will live in hopes for the better at some future time, What if I do die in despair thats nothing eny little thing like that I never notice do You Mr Fox No.

Well Mr Fox I could not trouble You further. I will now mak a reversal by saying Adieu & also with the hopes that You will not forget my request

Requests of
Nellie D Trumley
Better
Known to the Public as
Nellie D Palmer

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

SOCIETY is very queer. The people most sought after are those who do not pay their debts.

RAPHAEL would have made a great opera manager. He was famous at bringing out prime Madonnas.

"MANY sleighing accidents are caused by too close hitching up." That is true. But most couples prefer to take the risk.

It is said that Chinamen in California are marrying young Irish girls. The Irish girls seemed to have a grudge against China.

A MEDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it isn't the jaw-bone.

SUBSCRIBER—No; "crazy as a bed-bug" is not a refined expression for a young lady to use. You should say, "crazy as a bedquilt."

LEAP year parties are popular in some sections. At these gatherings the girls yell "mouse!" and the young men jump on chairs and shriek.

"WHAT is this big corner in pork I hear about?" asked Laura, across the cheery tea-table. "The big corner in pork," replied Tom, "is the ham."

"No," said Fogg, in reply to the person on the doorstep, "the lady of the house is not in. It is her evening out. But my wife is in; perhaps she might do as well."

A CHICAGO paper recently printed a picture of Sarah Bernhardt with a riding-whip, and not over four people in thirteen could guess which was Sarah and which was the whip.

A NASHVILLE man was fined \$800 for kissing a school-teacher. If it hadn't been for two or three of the scholars, who caught him at it, she wouldn't have charged him a cent.

"YOUR father is worth at least half a million, is he not?" said he to his jealous sweetheart. "That is true," she murmured. "And yet you doubt my love" he replied, in an injured tone.

A SMALL boy who stood gazing wistfully at a large candy man in a city confectioner's window, suddenly exclaimed: "I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind my back."

"Is this your dog, John?" "No; he belongs to Squire Smith. And between you and me he's a deal smarter than his owner." "Yes; there are dogs of that sort. I have had several myself."

"WHAT a comical-looking pup your black-and-tan is since you bobbed his tail," remarked Old-boy. "Yes," said Young Hyson, patting the dog's head, "he's a good deal of a wag." And it was so.

"I'VE got a pencil that writes all colors," said Stumpleg to his wife. "What color do you want me to write?" His wife suggested red, and with one foot ready for a jump, Stumpleg calmly spelled out "r-e-d" with his black pencil.

A LITTLE boy was asked if he studied hard. "Well," he replied, "I don't hurt myself at all." "But if you don't study hard you will never be President," said his questioner. "Naw," returned the boy; "I don't expect to be. I'm a Demmyocrat."

A CLERGYMAN tells the following story: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think he is the one to be congratulated.'"

"WHAT do you think of my little duck?" whispered Augustus Popinjay, directing a friend's attention, at a ball, to a very handsome young lady in low neck and short sleeves. "She looks plump enough," was the reply; "but don't you think a little more dressing would improve her?"

HE—"Before you give my overcoat to that old beggar, my dear, had you not better look through the pockets?" SHE—"When did you wear it last?" HE—"The latter part of last March, I think." SHE—"Then I know there's nothing in the pockets." HE—"How so?" SHE—"Because that was before you stopped drinking."

"TAKE my advice," said old Skinfint to his clerk, whom he had discovered stamping an envelope from his own private receptacle; "take my advice. If I ever find you taking anything of mine your connections won't save you. To fall you go." "Very well, sir," said the clerk; "perhaps I had better not take your advice, then."

A FELLOW who read Wisconsin's favorite's latest effusion relieves himself in the following strain:

Oh love! My love, I could bust your wizen,
In the howling craze of my mad desire,
I could tear you asunder from deck to mizzen,
And roast your soul in a raging fire.
I could yank your heart from your jumping bosom
And drown out your life in a sea of bliss—
If I had a million lives I'd lose 'em,
For a whooping whack at a fire-fringed kiss.
I could chew your ear till the flashing gristle
Collapsed like the crash of a wild cyclone.
I could shriek in glee like a railroad whistle.
And gnaw your chin to the gleaming bore!
I could swallow your breath as the toper swallows
The fiery flagon of rot-gut rye.
I could wallow in love as the hot hog wallows
In the plant depths of the backyard sty.
I could snatch you bald in a holy minute,
And yell like a Yahoo to hear you squeal.
I could peel your hide from your head and pin it
With fiery spike to your bulging heel.
Oh yes, I could hug you, and kiss you, and kill you.
And yet my mad passion I'd never quell.
You darling, delightful old liver-pill, you,
I'd make you believe I was only too true.

"SISTER!" cried a little boy, running into the room, "your little pug dog bit me on the leg." "What!" exclaimed the frightened young lady. "Beauty has bitten you on the leg? let me see." She hastily pulled down his stockings, and, sure enough, there was the impression of his teeth. "You naughty boy," said his sister, shaking him violently. "Don't you know better than to tease Beauty? Some day he will bite a big lump out of your leg, and it might make him deathly sick."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Moppings and Mowings of the Dramatic Chimpanzees at Home and Abroad.

Old Frauds, New Scandals, and Fresh Sensations of all Sorts, Sizes, Qualities and Iniquitousness.

SANSON.—"Nellie Sanson sailed for Europe yesterday." Who is Nellie Sanson, anyhow?

GERMON.—Mrs. Germon, mother of the vivacious Ette, has left Mrs. Langtry's company.

SHERIDAN.—John Sheridan has not left England for Australia yet, and says he isn't going to.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell is going South for his health. He is broken down with overwork, poor fellow.

CANNON.—John Cannon has recovered from his rheumatism, which was so bad at one time that all hopes of his recovery were abandoned.

WARDE.—Fred. Warde does not seem to be doing as well this year as he was last. He is certainly quite as good an actor. Why his shrinkage?

BUNNELL.—What has become of Bunnell, who, since George Starr left him, seems to have completely vanished from the face of the earth?

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer is packing the Standard theatre in London every night. Lotta, on the other hand, is thinking of packing her trunks and coming home.

JARRETT.—Harry Jarrett is still in England, traveling with "Fun on the Bristol," which is said to be the greatest success ever achieved by an American combination in England.

RADCLIFFE.—Carrie Radcliffe, an extremely pretty and a very clever little girl, has left the "Sam'l of Posen" company. Cause not stated, but supposed to be an impending marriage.

JEWS.—The Russians are exiling Jewish actors. If that principle were to be carried out here what a lot of vacancies there would be on the American stage—especially in high positions!

RISTORI.—The first entry for Mrs. Tom Thumb's Museum of Antique Curiosities is Ristori—who comes here under the management of Brooks & Dickson, and opens Oct. 6 at the Star theatre.

HARRIGAN.—Ed. Harrigan has built a lovely summer cottage for himself on Schrom Lake, close to that of Fred. Marsden. There is quite a colony of the better sort of Bohemians round that lovely sheet of water.

RUSSELL.—Sol. Smith Russell has got a new play. The announcement will be hailed with unfeigned delight by the American public, which has had more than an elegant sufficiency of "Edgewood Folks."

RIAL.—Louise Rial, sister of Leonard Grover and one of the prettiest women on the stage, who took to acting late in life and whose success in California has been something wonderful, goes to England early in the spring.

CUMMINGS.—There seems to be a vague but ill-founded impression that Minnie Cummings is dead. This is due to the fact that Rose Eyttinge is accused of a wild desire to play "Erring Yet Noble," by Isaac G. Rede, Esq.

GERARD.—The Florence Gerard whom John Stetson imported as "the leading English actress," is a native of New York and appeared years ago as a serio-comic singer, under Stetson's management at his Howard Athenaeum.

TWENTY TOES.—Frank Sinclair, a Chicago dude, has offered marriage to Jennie Saunders, the twenty-toed lady of one of the dime museums in that city. The matrimonial epidemic seems to be raging among dime museum "freaks."

TERRY.—Ellen Terry, who is a married woman and whose real name is Mrs. Lewis, has a daughter fourteen years of age who makes her appearance at the Lyceum theatre this spring as a page in "Faust." She will be known as "Miss Alisa Craig."

WRECKS.—Naming vessels for noted persons has its disadvantages. The cable lately conveyed the information that "Modjeska is a total wreck near Long Branch," and that "Joe Emmett is ashore and full of water at the mouth of the Harlem river."

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson gave her check for £50 to the Actors' Fund of England. Lotta gave £20. It is a question whether "Our Mollie," generous as she may be, would have contributed £250 to the common low-lived American institution of the same sort.

SOTHERN.—Harry Wall is authority for the assertion that Lytton Sothern has made almost as much money this season as if he had been "the old man," on which account Wall will go farming at Guildford this year with more joy and zeal than ever.

RHEA.—Encouraged by the great success Modjeska achieved on the strength of being a "Countess," Arthur Chase, Rhea's manager, has requested newspaper men to call her "The Empress-artist." There seems to be more foundation for this "gag" than the other.

MARIAN.—The giantess, named Marian, who appeared as the leader of the Amazon March in the revived "Babil and Bijou," at the Alhambra, and who was 8 feet 3 inches in height, has just died in Hamburg. She was coming to this country at the time of her decease.

BELDEN.—The unfortunate actress who was removed, howling in delirium tremens, to Bellevue Hospital, died there of alcoholism. Mestayer's new comedy is based on "showing up" the stage. Why doesn't he lug in an incident like this to exhibit its real conditions to the gaping public?

CAMPANINI.—Poor old Campanini's voice has gone back on him, and he feels dreadfully about it. There are dark rumors that the Demon Alcohol has had something to do with it. Campanini, being an Italian from Nuta, has, perhaps, a national ambition to be "the noblest Rum-un of them all."

FOOTE.—"Foote, the Tragedian," a la "Knox,

the Hatter," and "Arnhelm, the Tailor," is in for it. Lillian Cleves Clarke has begun proceedings for a divorce from him. It is another of those interesting cases where you don't feel sure which of the parties is the more entitled to your congratulations.

BOOTH.—The suit of Marie Booth against her stepmother, Mrs. Agnes Booth, for a share in Junius Brutus Booth's estate comes up in April in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Miss Booth, by the way, with pardonable heat denies the unkind report that she is engaged to be married to Harrison Grey Fiske.

MADDICK.—Mrs. Alfred Maddick, who was advertised as a rival beauty to Mrs. Langtry, and who came out here to join Dion Boucicault's company, has returned to England. She says she never saw such a "beastly country" or such a lot of "nasty" people in her life as she did during her brief sojourn in these United States.

THIRD AVENUE.—Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin from the Third Avenue theatre, which will hereafter be run by Charlie Stevenson and Frank Curtis. Stevenson is one of the best fellows and very few gentlemen engaged in the business of theatrical management. It will be interesting to watch him in his new position.

CONLIN.—The newly-appointed Police Captain, Peter Conlin, is a brother of Billy Florence, the comedian, and used, in the remote past, to play small parts on the stage of the Bowery theatre. The two brothers are not intimate now, as William knows too many English lords to be able to associate with a common New York police officer.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry has shaken Gebhard. She declares that the affidavits of Arthur Hunter, in which Gebhard is shown up as having hired Eole for \$5,000 a year, in order to have the credit of owning a race-horse and being a sport, is more than she can stand. Poor Freddie! They say he is disconsolate and talks of getting married.

BEHMAN.—The Democracy of Brooklyn talks of nominating Louis C. Behman for County Clerk or Sheriff next fall. Behman, who is the senior member of the firm of Hyde & Behman and a very young man, has made such a success in the Board of Aldermen that there seems to be no limit to his political prospects. He is a good fellow, too, as well as a bright one.

HOWARD.—Bronson Howard sent Gus Harris, of Drury Lane, a manuscript play to read. Harris kept the play, Howard sued him for it, and the English courts have decided that a manager is not bound to return manuscripts unless an agreement to that effect has been entered into between himself and the author. This is absurd, and will no doubt be reversed on appeal.

QUEEN.—In the recent death of John Queen the Theatre Comique lost one of the cleverest and most amiable members of the extraordinarily talented vaudeville company, which Ed. Harrigan managed to gather about him. A more remarkable and versatile party of comedians was never got together, and poor Johnny Queen was one of the brightest of them all. Peace to his ashes!

COLVILLE.—The superior skill and judgment of Sam Colville are shown by the fact that he has not failed to make money—and a good deal of it—every week since the Fourteenth Street theatre passed into his hands. A warm-hearted, generous man, for all his superficial crustiness and bitterness of speech, Colville more than deserves his good fortune. Actors bate him because he knows them.

GEORGE.—Prince George, of Russia, a royal "dude," has had a tragedy performed at Stettin which is entitled "Alexandros." Every loyal Stettiner went to see it and pronounced it divine. The author's fees, however, are said to be royalties only in the technical sense—for Prince got only two dollars a night for his play. It is whispered that he wants to become Bartley Campbell's German partner.

ESTERBROOKE.—The Inspector of Buildings has ordered, under the law, a new proscenium wall of brick to be put up in the so-called "comedy theatre," which used to be known as the San Francisco Minstrels' Opera House. Performances are still going on there, however, and the law is violated nightly. What is Mr. Esterbrooke going to do about it? Other managers had to comply—why not the Gilsey estate?

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell has left Teddy Solomon, according to the latest rumor. She says he fooled her fearfully as to her British prospects, and declares that New York is quite good enough for her. The "Elopement Extraordinary" head-line which has been distributed in nearly every newspaper copy will have to be stereotyped—for Lillian seems quite determined to maintain her former reputation as an elopist.

RIGNOLD.—Rignold, the masher, is back here, and is stopping at the Sturtevant. He is fatter than ever and looks even less likely to impress a sane woman than he did when he played "Henry V." and his agents had to write letters to him, in female handwriting, to keep up the illusion that he was "a charmer." Poor fellow! He and Capoul, nowadays, could not mash, between them, a Sixth Avenue apple-woman.

MORRIS.—Little Bob Morris, of the *Telegram*, who seems to have turned over a new leaf lately and ceased to write egregious puns of the principal frauds on the American stage, has written a new play which he calls the "Pulse of New York." It will be followed by the "Bowels of Brooklyn," "The Liver of Louisville" and "The Gilets of Jersey City." Bob is quite as strong on anatomy as he is on nauticulture and the tenor cleft.

BARRYMORE.—Maurice Barrymore's real name is Herbert Blythe, and he is an excellently educated young Englishman, his father having been an officer in the British army. The comments of the ungrammatical critic of the *Times* on his new play are very funny. The idea of little Glove-maker Gummery finding fault with "the literary crudity" of Barrymore in an article which contains seven violations of the rules of syntax!

THUMB.—Tom Thumb's widow talks of starting a dime museum on the Bowery—just as if there was a dearth of the article, especially in the Bowery. The poor little woman hasn't got so very much money, and she keeps in the show business to escape the misery of brooding over her bereavement at home. Small as the late General was, his wife mourns him just as fondly and sadly as if they had been a pair of full-sized human beings. It is a pity, though,

she can't see her way to something better than a dime museum.

BOZENTA.—In the society column of the *World*, it is gravely announced that "Mme. Modjeska (Bozenta) and her husband, the Count Bozenta," are stopping at the Clarendon Hotel. There is no Count Bozenta. Modjeska's husband is plain Herr Chlabowski, and he used to be a newspaper reporter. The "Count" gag was invented by Harry Sargent, who, by the way, has returned to his former post as Modjeska's manager. The Chlabowskis found that they couldn't do without him, so he is back again at the old stand.

CAUTION.—Recently, as the performance of "Crispino" was about to begin at the Academy, Philadelphia, it became known that a woman had died of heart disease. Mapleson begged the lady's friend not to remove the body until after the opera, as he feared it would alarm the house, which was crowded to hear Patti. So the dead woman was locked in the retiring room until all had left the house, when the corner gave permission to remove the body. Mapleson said he'd have done the same thing if it had been his own wife. That settled it.

NAMES.—The family into which Oliver Dowd Byron married is certainly the most variegated, in respect to names, on this continent. The eldest sister is Mrs. Oliver Dowd Byrne (Byron). The second is Hattie O'Neil (Mrs. Fulton Russell), the third is Mme. Ninon L'Enclos, of Ninon L'Enclos' Red Stocking Muskets, whose other name is Bridget O'Neil, and the fourth is Ada Behan, of Daly's company. One of the brothers calls himself Arthur Behan, and is in Daly's employ. The other calls himself William Crehan, and is, or was, the advance agent of Oliver Byrne Dowd.

ABBEY.—Henry Merdle Abbey announced at the beginning of the present season that he had a "big thing" in store for the American public. The "big thing" turns out to be Sarah Bernhardt, who is to play here next autumn in "Nana Sahib." Sarah is very anxious to get away from Paris, where she is as dead as that emblem of mortality, a door-nail, and she fondly hugs the illusion that the American public, on the other hand, is dying for a glimpse of her. This time she doesn't bring out Damala, from whom she has separated, but Richepin, the author of the play, who has left a wife and child for her. Damala, free of his wife, has made a great hit in Paris, and is vastly preferred to his lean and hungry ex-consort.

ORNAMENT.—Another ornament to the stage is Miss Nellie Waldron, who was at the Tombs recently, charged with disorderly conduct. She is said to be a confirmed opium-smoker, which habit has utterly degraded her. Last Wednesday week she indulged to excess in the drug and was made semi-intoxicated. She roamed about the streets, and, desiring another smoke, entered a Marion street store, flung herself prostrate on the floor and called loudly for a pipe. Detective Hart took her in. When taken to court next day she cried bitterly. She was sent to the penitentiary for three months. When she comes out she will declare she has got spinal complaint and star in "Camille" in opposition to Clara Morris.

CANT.—The Inman sisters, who recently appeared in this city, have been ordered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to stop their performances, on the ground that Pearl is under age. The two sisters reside in Brooklyn. Pearl is represented by relatives as being thirteen years of age. She made her first appearance as *Cock-sparrow* in the burlesque "Babes in the Wood" at the Standard theatre, San Francisco. Later she appeared in Boston, Cincinnati, London, Paris and Australia, as runs the story. In conjunction with her sister Nellie, who is twenty-five years of age, she supports a sickly grandmother and a little brother. Nellie's husband, a Brooklyn fireman, died about two years ago. It will be remembered that no effort whatever was made to stop the Children's Carnival at the Academy of Music, however. But then the children of the Carnival were, also, the children of "swells."

FAST TYPE-SETTING.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, NEW YORK POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—Some time since an item appeared in your paper, in reference to some fast type-setting by one Charley Masterson on the *Kansas City Journal*—that he set 2,200 ems in 1 hour and 15 minutes, and cites Mr. Will Graham as a witness thereto. I do not doubt the above in the least, but am after Mr. Masterson with a man who has on several occasions produced a better record, and can do so again. The gentleman I refer to also worked on the *Kansas City Journal* in 1882, when Mr. Brown, the foreman, offered to back him against any compositor on the *Times*. In 1880, in Emporia, Kan., he set 1,900 ems in 1 hour, even—brevier, lean, without a paragraph. In Pittsburg, Pa., on the *Post* (Dan Powell, foreman, who timed him) he set 2,100 ems in 1 hour, even. Again, in Bangor, North Wales, on the *Chronicle*, he set 4,100 ems in 2 hours, even. The gentleman I refer to is Mr. Dave Roberts, who is now one of the proprietors of a paper in Osage City, Kan.—the *Free Press*. Having worked with him on the *Journal*, and knowing him to be a very swift man, I write this, firmly believing that he has, and can again, show a record that cannot be beaten by any Western compositor. J. M. I.

By giving the above notice in your widely-circulated paper you will confer a great favor on your humble servant, as well as many others of my craft in Kansas City, who are always interested in fast type-setting, and who are all patrons and readers of the *GAZETTE*. Yours respectfully, JAS. M. INMAN.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Feb. 14, 1884.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Editor POLICE GAZETTE:

In your issue of Feb. 23 one Alonzo T. Miller, of Carthage, Mo., claims to have set 16,900 ems solid nonpareil, from manuscript copy, in 7 hours 50 minutes. Now, it is my candid opinion that Mr. Miller never did anything of the kind, and, in my mind's eye, I can see old Ananias fairly tearing his shirt with envy at this unwarranted assumption on the part of Miller to first place in the ranks of nineteenth century liars. Further, I am willing to back my opinion with \$50 that Mr. Miller cannot, by taking copy from the file "just as it comes," set 16,900 ems solid nonpareil in 7 hours 50 minutes. My address is given below, and I would be pleased to hear from him.

W. H. ROBERTS,
Dispatch Office,
Pittsburg, Pa.

AN ACCOMMODATING HUSBAND.

He Hunts Up His Runaway Wife, and Marries Her to the Other Fellow.

"Two queer men, one woman and two grown-up boys occupy those two houses over there," said a loungee at a little station in Florida, to a wayfarer who had "missed connection," and was whiling away a weary hour by studying the movements of the people who came and went from the door of one of the houses referred to.

"The woman, one of the men and the two boys occupy the larger house, while the other man lives, or rather sleeps, in the smaller one. He takes his meals at the other."

"Both the men are, or I should say were the husband of that woman which you have noticed so peculiarly dressed."

"They hail from Illinois. This Mrs. Smith left her husband and came here with Samuel Brown—he leaving a family behind, she bringing her two boys along. They came here some years ago and homesteaded Government land in this, at that time, unsettled portion. They passed in this community as man and wife. Mrs. Smith, being a strong-minded woman's rights advocate, and having some education, began corresponding for a Northern paper. After awhile Smith, finding out the whereabouts of the runaways, concluded to follow them, ostensibly for the purpose of getting his children. When he arrived on the scene and found Mrs. Brown, nee Smith, so comfortable and happy, he declined to interfere, and left them unmolested. A divorce was obtained without trouble. Smith took a homestead adjoining Brown's and boarded with his *ex-dévant* wife."

"That's pretty good for an amateur story-teller. You don't expect to believe it. Can prove every word of it if you will go with me to Smith's cabin. He will tell you the same. But I haven't finished."

"While the divorce case was pending Smith was appointed a Justice of the Peace, for you know people were scarce here then. When the divorce was granted he, being on hand, was asked to perform the marriage ceremony for the parties, which he accordingly did with hearty good will. He still boards with them whenever here. Being a carpenter, he works away from home a great deal."

"How about the boys? Who claims them?"
"They seem to be independent agents, making their home with the mother, but being frequently away with the father. The two men get on amicably. When Smith is away Brown works his place and keeps it in order for him, and Smith doesn't seem to be a bit afraid to trust him. Pretty hard to find two more such men, eh?"

DIVORCED BY DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. John T. Wiggins, the discarded wife of an undertaker in Rome, N. Y., ended her earthly cares by committing suicide at Rochester, N. Y., on Saturday, Feb. 16. She had been stopping at the Osborne House for one week previous. She was a young and beautiful woman, fashionably dressed, and her demeanor and appearance were refined. She was assigned a cozy room and excited the comment of no one until Thursday, when she acted somewhat strangely and did not visit the dining-room. The next day she refused food and took to her bed. She talked incoherently at times, and finally consented to see a physician. Dr. Harrington was summoned and found her suffering from mania. She told the doctor her story. One year ago, she said, her husband became jealous without cause and insisted upon a separation. He accused her of intimacy with a man whom she disliked. This trouble was arranged, but again her husband accused her of infidelity, and she left him. She told the doctor that she was innocent and that she intended to die. Dr. Harrington, alarmed about her condition, left instructions that she should be closely watched, as he thought her insanity had reached the suicidal point. Kitty Beatty, a chambermaid, was left in charge of her. At half-past 1, on the morning of Feb. 16, the girl was terror-stricken to see the woman sit up in bed and point a revolver, which she had kept secreted, at her. She fled from the room to the office for aid. Before assistance came, Mrs. Wiggins put the pistol to her head and sent a ball through her brain. She died instantly.

HIS SECOND ELOPEMENT.

Johnnie Curtis, a young St. Louis dude, who created something of a sensation a year ago by running away from St. Louis with Mrs. Dixon, a married woman, and settling with her for awhile in the Palmer House, Chicago, is at his old tricks again. On Feb. 7 he eloped with Mrs. Henry Wilson, a married lady, whose husband is a grain merchant here and the father of an interesting family. The elopers met on Fourth street, near the Planters' Hotel, and when last seen were boarding the steamer Baton Rouge. She left at dusk for New Orleans. Mrs. Wilson's husband, when told of the departure, was very much cast down, he having looked upon her, up to the time of her departure, as a loving and faithful spouse.

Mrs. Dixon never returned to St. Louis after her escapade with Curtis, and, while her husband and little ones are here, her body lies in a grave on the coast of Florida.

TRAMPS TAKE POSSESSION OF A TRAIN.

Eighteen drunken ruffians boarded a T. & C. and St. Louis coal train at Milledgeville, Ohio, on Feb. 8, and took possession of it. Conductor Curtin was assaulted, badly beaten and thrown from the train, while Brake-man T. G. Collins, who came to his rescue, was beaten to a jelly. He was placed in the hospital here, and cannot live. The engineer, to save his life, was compelled to cut loose the engine and run to Allentown. Upon returning he found Collins tied to a bench in the caboose, where he had been terribly maltreated. The Marshal of Milledgeville and a posse gave chase to the party, who were unknown, but did not succeed in capturing any of them.

WM. DERSHLEY.

[With Portrait.]

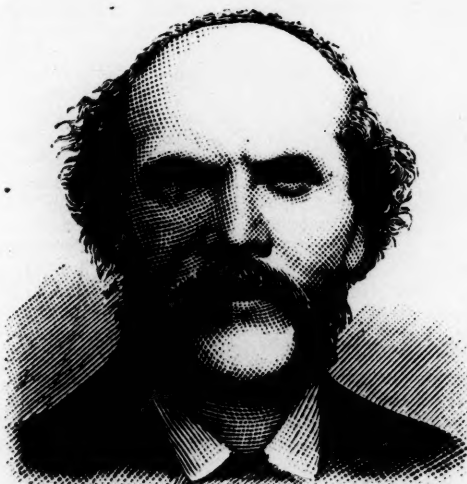
In this issue we publish the portrait of Wm. Dershley, the noted wrestler. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs 165 pounds in condition. He formerly resided in Peoria, Ill. He has won numerous matches, and is now on his way to San Francisco to arrange a match with Muldoon, Bauer and Hugues.



EX-JUDGE JAMES P. McTEER,
THE EFFICIENT PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF
THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

A New Brooklyn Scandal.

Society in Brooklyn enjoyed quite a little stir a couple of weeks since by the announcement that there had been trouble in the Morse family, the descendants of the illustrious founder of our telegraph system. The Morses stand very high on the social ladder of the City of Churches, and the grandson and namesake of the electrician, S. F. B. Morse, is well known to all the ranks of fashion there. Mr. S. F. B. Morse married, some time back, a wealthy widow. He had been distinguished as an amateur in art, and after his marriage removed to the West to open a connection there, his wife going with him. He suddenly returned, a couple of weeks ago, alone, and it leaked out that there had been a peck of trouble in his household. He and his bride failed to agree, by many it is alleged, on the financial question. At any rate, Brooklyn got a taste of a new and



DR. CHAS. H. MOSELEY,
A BROOKLYN DENTIST, WHOSE DOMESTIC
TROUBLES KEEP THE COURTS BUSY.

pliquant scandal whose further developments are eagerly awaited.

A Sharp Bargain.

A convict who escaped from the Louisiana State Prison walked hard all night, and by daylight was forty miles away. Fearing detection by means of his striped garb, he went boldly into a negro farm-house, told the owner that he was a circus performer disabled by rheumatism, and offered to swap the costume for any old suit of ordinary clothes. The bargain was made, and the runaway continued his flight in safety. The old darkey was delighted with his new suit, until, upon wearing them to church the next Sunday, he was arrested as an escaped jail-bird.

"Take It Up Tenderly."

She was fashionably dressed, had a sweet face and large, liquid eyes. She had a book of poems in her hand, which she occasionally read as she was waiting at the depot for the train. She looked like a pet of fortune, a rich man's daughter. So she was. Her father was a rich cattle-owner in Colorado. She was a graduate of Vassar College, on her way to her Western home. She was traveling alone. There was something about her chin and mouth that showed she had not been brought up altogether on sugar-plums, and a keen observer would bet that she would get through all right. But handlers of freight on a railroad are not, as a general thing, students of physiognomy, and when two of them discovered that the huge Saratoga trunk they had to hustle around belonged to the mild-looking young lady they determined to take their revenge on the human race in general by knocking around the, to them, objectionable package. They did so for a short time, until their actions attracted the attention of the fair owner. She quietly closed her book. Approaching the baggage-smashers, she said, in fruit-like tones, as if she were merely repeating some lines she had read: "Take it up tenderly." At the same time she produced a seven-shooter of the best make and presented it fairly at the head of the roughest baggage-handler on the road. The Saratoga was treated with great respect after that.

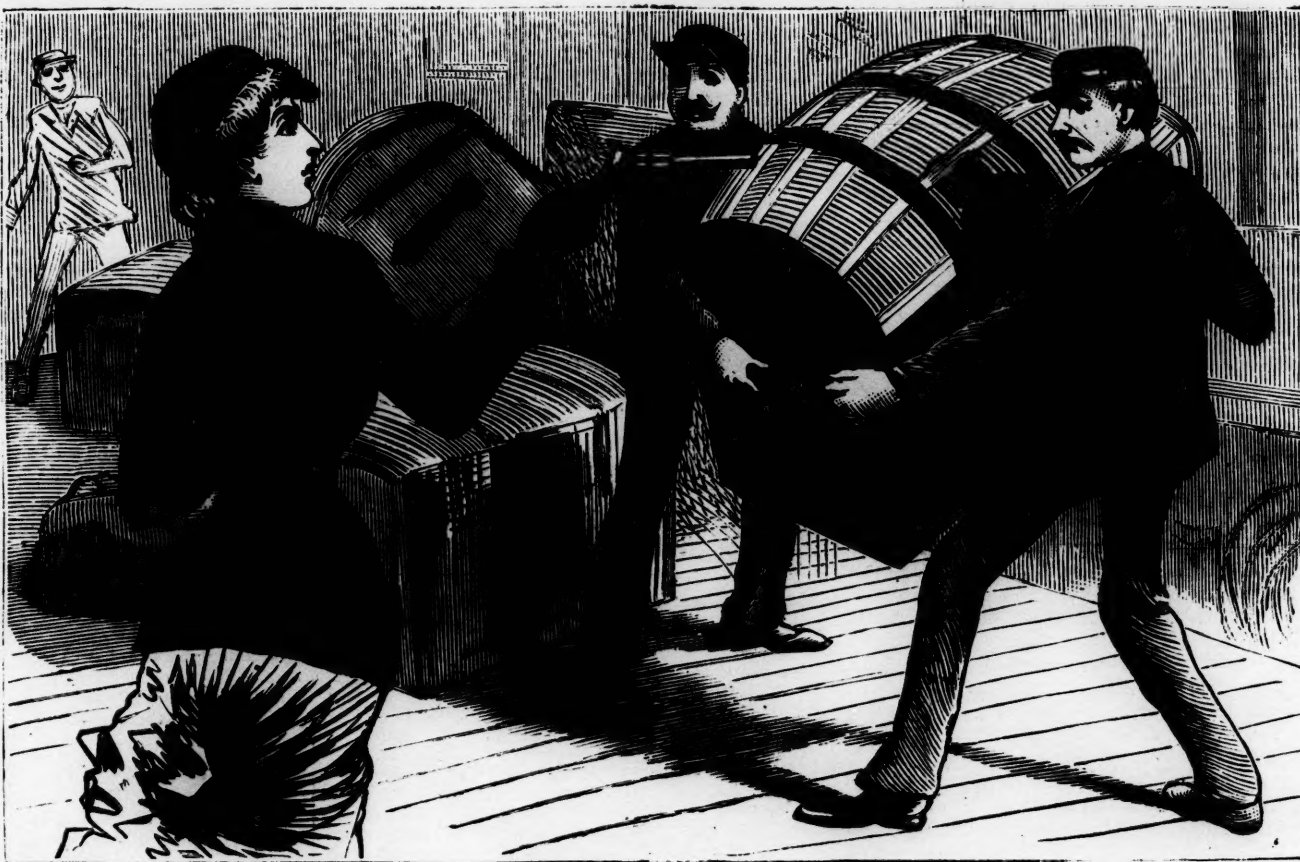
A Female Fiend.

A murder trial which has aroused much interest in East Prussia has just ended at Insterburg in the conviction and sentence to death of the Widow Eske for the murder of nine persons of her family. The crime was a most atrocious one. Thinking to obtain legacies left by her husband's



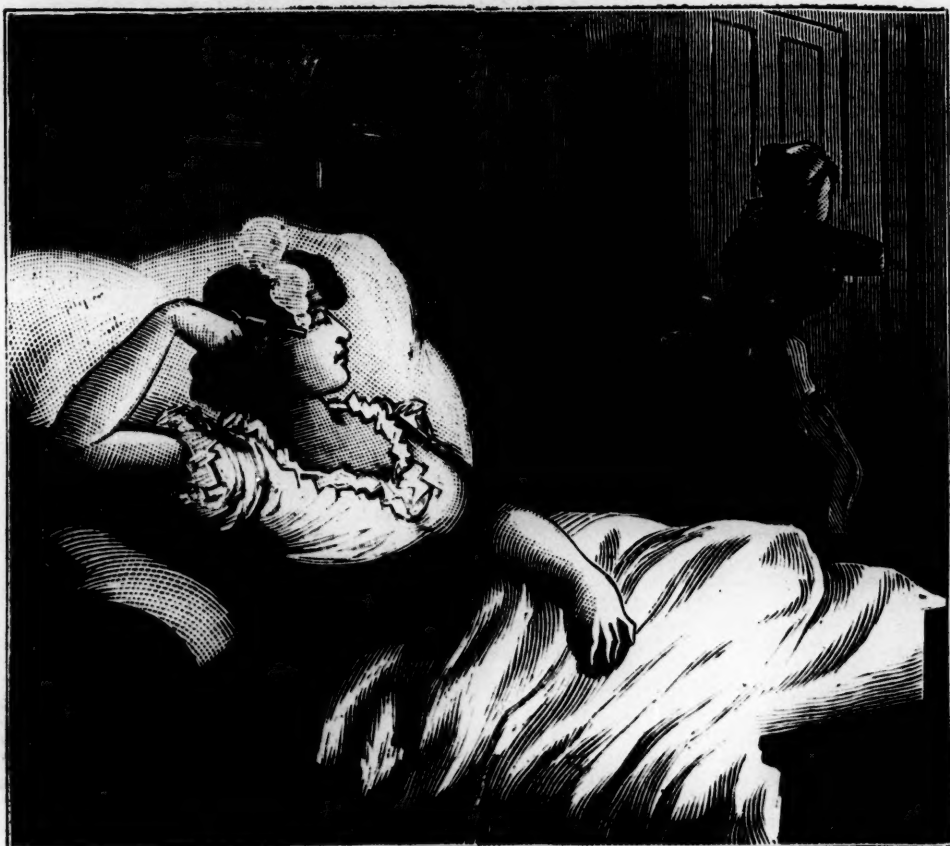
A SHARP BARGAIN.

HOW AN ESCAPING CONVICT DAZZLED THE EYES OF AN OLD DARKEY WITH HIS STRIPED SUIT, AND MADE AN EXCHANGE OF CLOTHING.



"TAKE IT UP TENDERLY."

HOW A WESTERN GIRL PROTECTED HER SARATOGA TRUNK FROM THE RUTHLESS BAGGAGE-SMASHERS.



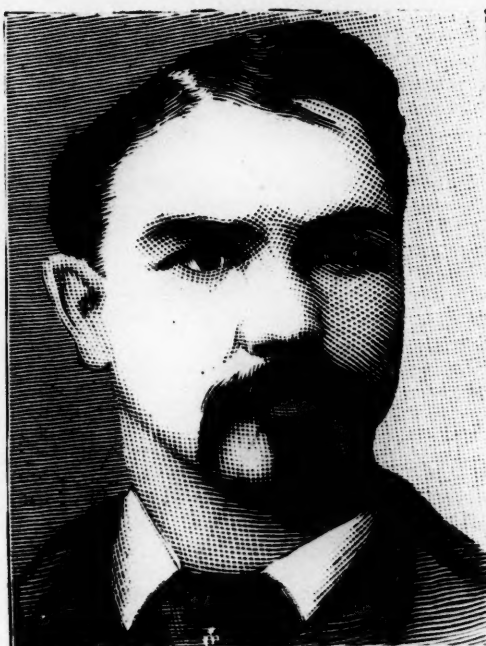
DIVORCED BY DEATH,

A DISCARDED WIFE ENDS HER LIFE'S SORROWS BY SUICIDE AT THE OSBORNE HOUSE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

will to eight children, amounting to 4,800 marks, she administered poison in their food, causing the death of all, as well as of a young man who was betrothed to one of the daughters, and who lived with the family.

PIOUS PUGILISTS.—A lively row occurred the

other night in the Congregational church at Norwalk, Ohio, caused by remarks made by the Rev. G. W. Wesselin, the retiring pastor, in his sermon. The reverend gentleman was frantic with rage, and denounced the congregation as a mob. The excitement was so great that the lights were turned out to prevent an encounter.



S. F. B. MORSE,
THE DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT TELEGRAPHER
WHO WILL NOT LIVE WITH HIS WIFE.



MRS. S. F. B. MORSE,
THE FASCINATING AND WEALTHY WIDOW WHOM
HER HUSBAND HAS LEFT LONE AND LORN.

A Matrimonial Knock-Out.

Some significant light was thrown on the sinister business of the divorce lawyer, by the recent arrest of Clerk Law, of the Brooklyn Supreme Court, for forging the signature of the Judge, and counterfeiting the seal of the court on divorces in favor of the clients of Munro Adams, the most famous divorce specialist in America since Orson House was shot by his wife. Adams has been for years famous for the facility with which he procured divorces. How he got them was a matter of wonder to all the legal profession. It now comes out that he did

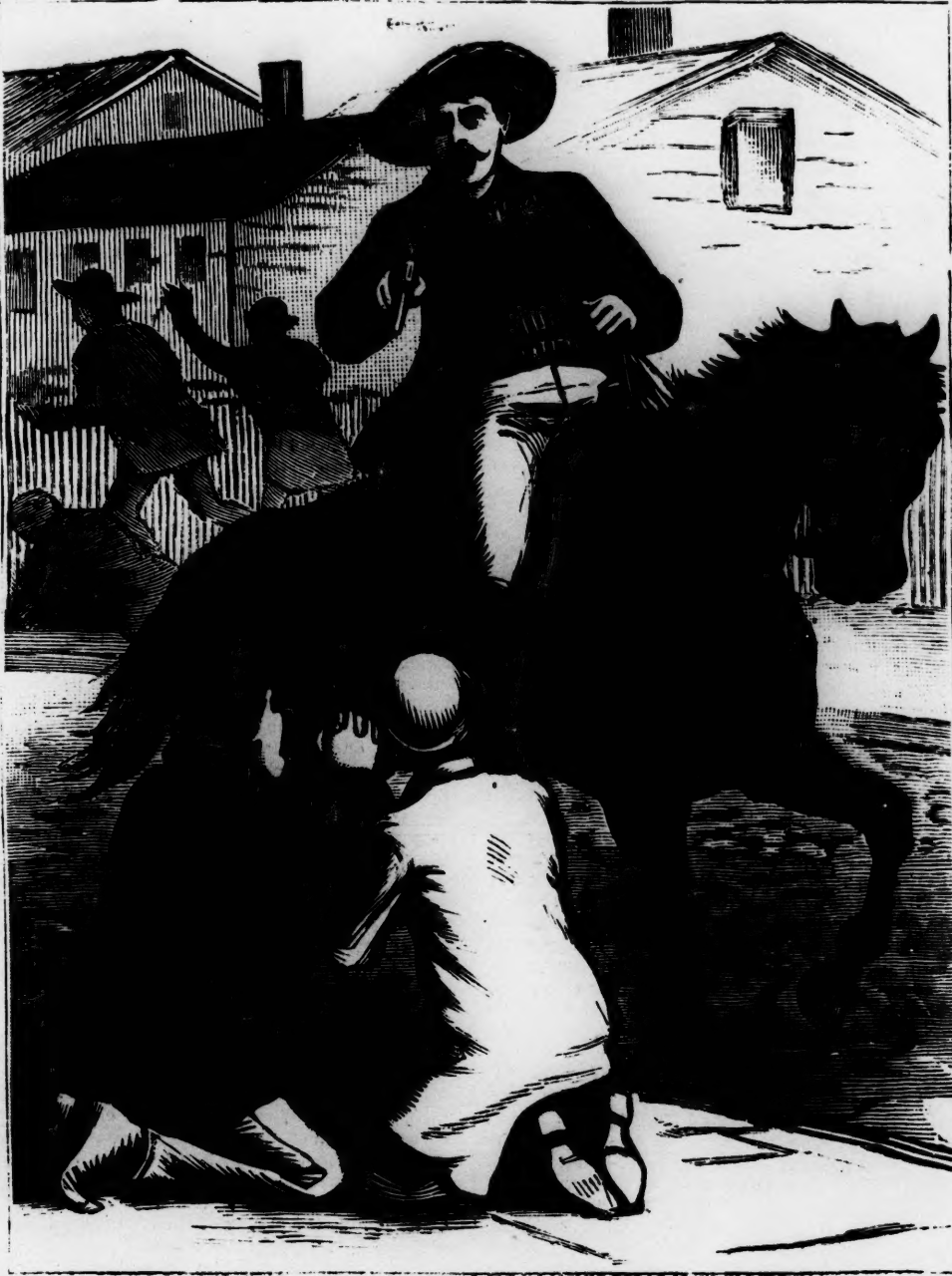


MUNRO ADAMS,

WHO RAN A DIVORCE MILL IN BROOKLYN THAT DID MORE BUSINESS THAN THE COURTS.

not take the trouble to try for a genuine divorce, but in collusion with the clerk in question, ground them out as they were required. He was counsel, jury and judge in his own cases. His own office was the court-room, and it was a very cold day, indeed, when he could not satisfy a client, both without trouble on the client's part, or publicity. The divorces he obtained are all worthless, of course, and the amount of bigamy he is responsible for only a mathematician could compute.

The discovery of the Adams-Law divorce mill was due to the merest accident. A woman in Boston wrote to the County Clerk of Kings county, to ascertain if a divorce which had been obtained for her was genuine. The County Clerk found that his signature to the paper was a forgery. An investigation showed that some

**"DOWN ON YOUR MARROW-BONES."**

HOW A TEXAN ROUGH, WHILE ON A DRUNKEN SPREE, AT AUSTIN, INSPIRED SUDDEN PIETY IN THE BREASTS OF TWO UNREGENERATE CITIZENS.

twenty-five similar documents were in existence, all signed by Judge Pratt, on a report of John G. Law, Clerk of the Supreme Court, as referee. The Judge's signature, like the County Clerk's, was bogus.

These papers were traced to Munro Adams, under an alias. In his office a trunkful of the worthless documents was found. He had received for them fees of from \$100 to \$175. Adams is missing. The ministers are getting the better of the divorce lawyers, and are busy preparing new victims to be knocked out of the matrimonial ring, when a successor to the champion, Adams, turns up.

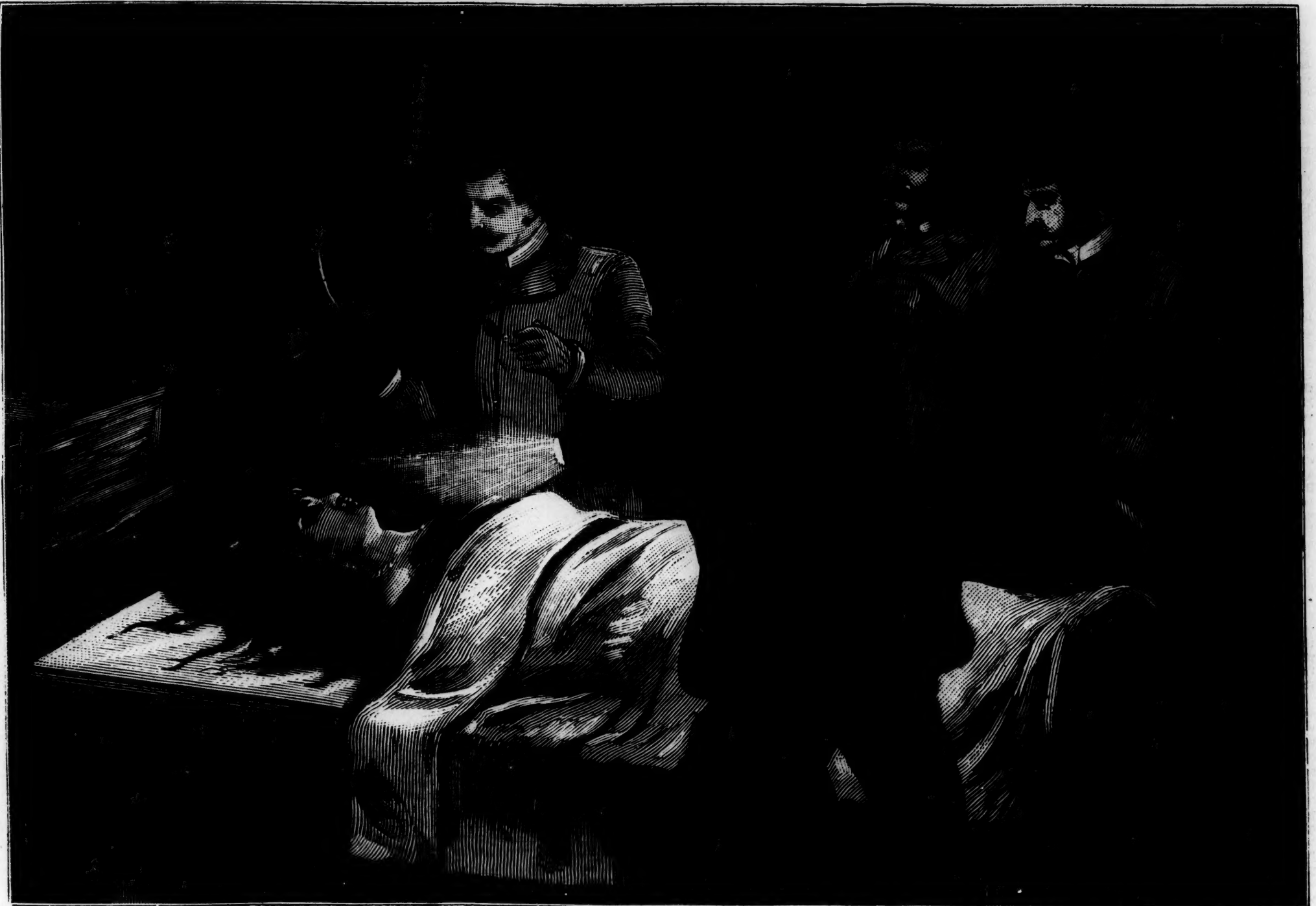


JAMES STANTON,

AN AMATEUR BURGLAR, WHO PLUNDERED ONE HUNDRED HOUSES IN SIX MONTHS.

An Inhuman Monster.

Examination into the case of Rayhagen, charged with maiming a sixteen-year-old boy, came off on Feb. 8, at Linn, Mo. The testimony disclosed the most horrible and revolting cruelty toward the boy, Peter Liederman, by the defendant, Rayhagen. It was shown that in the severe cold weather the boy, insufficiently clad, was sent into the field to shuck out corn, and was refused admittance to the fire by Rayhagen and wife, in consequence of which his hands and feet were badly frozen; and when gangrene had set in, he was cruelly and unmercifully beaten because he could not do the feeding of the cattle and horses with his maimed and lacerated hands. The Justice held Rayhagen in bonds of \$600 for his appearance. ;

**RECONCILED BY DEATH.**

HOW THE HEROINE OF A FAMOUS TRAGEDY AND THE HUSBAND SHE HAD DISHONORED MET FOR THE LAST TIME ON EARTH; NEW YORK CITY.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. V.

BURNSIDE GOES IT BLIND.

The Campaign with no Plan, and the Fatal pontoons--Delayed in Camp and Deluded by Rebel Belles--A Narrow Escape--How Two Virginia Girls Aided in the Capture of Two Correspondents--The Plots of Hooker and His Agents.

McClellan being neatly carried out of the army, never to return, and Burnside being gratified by being placed in command, what then? First of all, Hooker was savage and his plotting clique indignant. Several officers of high rank visited Washington to pull wires in his interest at this time--left their commands in the very face of the enemy and went to the Capital for a day to do that sneaking political campaigning which was considered more interesting and important than studying maneuvers before the foe. And Burnside--what did he do? He sat down and waited nearly a week. The wire-pullers had overdone the obstructionist policy. Fearful lest McClellan might get the pontoons in any reasonable time, they had not started them from Washington when the deposed Commander-in-chief returned thither, and Burnside, his successor, set up a wild howl for those same pontoons. He had no plan except to go ahead. He was in a fog. Lee had meantime re-united his forces, and, detecting the plans of his foe, moved rapidly into position at Fredericksburg, and while the political Generals of the North were wasting time in wrangles and wire-pulling, he was working like a beaver fortifying those same hills and laying out a very neat *cul de sac* for Mr. Burnside and his army. The plan on which the Union army had been operating was by this time no secret. The pickets, when they called a truce, chatted it over, and it was openly ridiculed by the sycophantic partisans of headquarters. And yet it was the remnant of this plan that Burnside intended to operate on.

The new General called for supplies and fresh forces, and got them. The Army of the Potomac, on the 10th day of December, 1862, amounted to fully 80,000 effective fighting men--a tremendous force, which no general in the world could so maneuver as to bring into action. Napoleon could not have done it. So the greater part of such an army would necessarily be forced to act as a reserve "wily nilly," and yet the clamor was raised for more, and Gen. Sigel was sent forward with 30,000 men to act as a reserve to this magnificent army. At last the pontoons arrived at Aquia creek, and were dragged up to Falmouth, a small cluster of houses on the left bank of the river, opposite Fredericksburg. Burnside had scouted and examined the country personally. He had visible evidence of the presence of the enemy directly in front, and a sharp fight between Sturgis' brigade and a strong rebel force of mixed arms, away off on the right flank of our position, demonstrated the fact that it was too late to attempt to get over the fords on the upper Rappahannock. He looked in his front and saw the open plain at Fredericksburg inclosed with its semicircle of hills, and decided to cross and butt his head blindly against the fortifications preparing for him.

The time of the delay had been passed by the engineers in corduroying roads to Stafford Court-house and to the river, thence, by various otherwise impassable routes.

On Dec. 9th the Sixth corps began to move forward into its position, on the left wing of the army. This army was then subdivided very carefully into three grand divisions of three corps each. These grand divisions were commanded by Sumner, whose post was the right, where he had been engaged, for some days on the heights of Falmouth, planting heavy siege guns; Hooker, whose position was the center, and Franklin, who held post on the extreme left. The Sixth corps, with which the writer traveled, held the right of this grand division of Franklin's. The forward movement was known to the enemy in every detail as soon as the Union corps commanders got intelligence of it. The picketing was very lax, in deed, and the farmers of the vicinity were free to come and go as they pleased, observing things about the camps, and picking up the gossip of even headquarters at their pleasure. That they refrained from carrying into the enemy's lines all they could gather from ours, is not likely. While Burnside was delaying, waiting for the pontoons, and making up his mind what he should do, this coming and going of the "reb" farmers excited remark even among the private soldiers, and finally, when it was too late--that is, a couple of days before the order was given to advance to the line of the Rappahannock, an attempt was made to close up the gaps in the picket lines, and prevent the spies from having their own way.

There were some comical events resulted from this sudden tightening of the screws. Sigel's Dutchmen were posted pretty close to our van, and when they began putting out pickets and guards there was fun. Some of Carl Schurz's brigade could not speak English, and the officers were even more stupid, if possible, than the men. They slung out guards and pickets on all sides, and in the most unexpected and ridiculous places. By this means they guarded all the roads about the Sixth corps, and cut that force off from communication with the rest of the army, and this in broad daylight, too. Schurz had especially posted a picket on the broad highway, leading from New Baltimore to Warrenton. This was within our lines, and was thronged all day with infantrymen and orderlies on duty. The writer was returning from Warrenton to his quarters at New Baltimore, at high noon, on Dec. 5, in company with Brigadier-General "Bucky" Neill, a regular army officer attached to that corps. At a distance ahead--about a quarter of a mile--it was noticed that the orderlies and soldiers were making a

wide detour into the field, and then taking to the road again, and continuing on. An orderly approaching, after having gone through this maneuver, shouted to the writer:

"Say, young feller, if you want to go by, you'd better get out in the field, and get around that post down there."

"What post?"

"That picket-post of Schurz's Dutchmen ahead of you there in the road."

"What business have they in the road?" inquired General Neill.

"They say they have orders from their General to let no one pass down the road either way."

"But they are letting every one go around them in the fields."

"Just so, General. They've got orders to let no one pass on the road, but they have no instructions to stop any one who goes into the fields; so you'd better go around them. There's no use in arguing with them Dutchmen, and you'll be sorry for it if you try."

With that the orderly put spurs to his horse and galloped off in the direction of Warrenton, and we continued toward the picket-post. About a hundred feet from the resolute guards--there were five of them and an officer--the writer and the young staff officers prudently followed the example of the orderlies, making the detour around the picket-post by way of the field, and arriving on the road on the other side without any opposition or protest from the guard. The General, however, would not abate his dignity, and, therefore, instead of going around the disputed point advanced straight to the guards while we waited and watched developments. The Dutchmen stopped the stern officer resolutely. They had never seen him before, and stupidly stuck to the letter of their own General's instructions. The General protested, stormed, raved, damned and commanded. He had never heard of such a thing as a picket in broad daylight barring an interior road leading through the divisions of the army. He would not submit to such ridiculous stupidity. He would have them all put under arrest. With that he attempted to force his horse by the guard. Then the Dutchmen arose in their rage and arrested him. Not only that, but they made the General dismount and walk half a mile to Schurz's headquarters over the fields a foot deep in soft, slushy mud, while one of the guard rode the animal. When Neill was taken to Schurz's tent he found the German General posed in grand state. The furious brigadier wore a rough blouse bearing no insignia of his rank, and got a very rough reception from the mighty German warrior. He fired a torrent of choice English at him, however, and made him understand perfectly that he was mad. Schurz himself became so incensed that he threatened to lock Neill up in the guard-house with a lot of drunken German immigrants--raw recruits.

The affair, however, had been reported to Gen. Franklin, who sent one of his aids with an order for the release of the captured brigadier. The staff officer narrowly escaped capture himself by the picket on the road, but succeeded in reaching Schurz's headquarters and releasing the General. The doughty Carl then "took water" freely, and was profuse in his apologies. "Bucky" (his West Point sobriquet) had blood in his eye, and would not be comforted. It was not safe to mention Sigel's men to him after that during the whole campaign. The picket was removed after one day's service by an order from army headquarters. During their brief service they had arrested twenty men of all ranks, and diverted travel altogether between the divisions of the army. On the 9th of December, the correspondents with the army were summoned to Warrenton, and received certain cautions and instructions from the Provost-marshal, and the representatives of the various papers perfected their organization, and received orders for harmonious work in concert in the coming action which every one felt could not be long delayed. These arrangements delayed the correspondents, and obliged them to pass the night away from their corps. The two hotels in the town, the Warren Green and the Warrenton, were crowded to suffocation with officers, sutlers, correspondents and artists for the illustrated papers, and their horses filled the stables and were picketed closely all around the hotels. Ten in a room was the rule, and so great was the desire of all hands to sleep once more under a roof, that even such crowded quarters were considered comparatively luxurious. Before daybreak the entire army moved forward, and while we slept, was far on its march into position--developing on the first grand division, already to the front, with a trending to the left--a grand *echelon* movement, too grand, indeed, to be seen in its beauty unless from the elevation to be attained by a balloon. All night there had been a movement of supply and ammunition trains through the streets of the gloomy town, which, though said to possess pretty girls in abundance, had every door and window inhospitably closed night and day, with never a fair female face showing, and we had become used to the hubbub. It was 9 o'clock the next morning when the correspondents shook off their slumber and aroused. Then the noise was not so great, but it had taken a more serious pitch. There was an excited shouting in the streets, a wild rushing of mounted men, and from the distance came a straggling rattle of musket shots. There was a rush for the horses and a damning and a cursing sufficient to make the heavens fall.

The greater number of the hotel lodgers had gone hours before, and some of them had exchanged their broken-down steeds for the best they could find. There was no time even for swearing, however, for the sounds of the skirmish were drawing nearer. It was speedily learned that the army had left the town, and that the enemy's guerrillas, following closely on the rear, were swooping down on the stragglers and on the sutlers' wagons, several of which were broken down in the roads and a couple were hopelessly stalled and abandoned in the main street before the hotel. There was a hasty mounting and a scurrying away in the direction of the army movement--each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The writer found himself outside of the town, and pursuing a high-road at a gallop in the company of a *Herald* reporter who was attached to the Second corps. These two journeyed along together for an hour at a rapid pace without coming across a sign of the divisions of the army they respectively sought. In fact, they did not meet a single soldier nor overtake even an infantry straggler. This was astonishing, and soon occasioned remark on their part. They examined the road and found that troops had lately passed over it, for it was deeply furrowed by the wheels of artillery carriages and caissons, and there were fresh prints of horses' hoofs and the footprints of many men. Oh, of course, the army had passed over that road--there could be no doubt of it, for there were the indubitable proofs on the spongy clay itself. Thus reasoned the verdant youngsters, who thought themselves already great

generals in that they were the critics of generals--for each correspondent, be it understood, had a military theory of his own, and secretly cherished an original plan of campaign that could "give points" to the best the greatest military professional could do in that line. But when this precious pair had journeyed on for another hour, and had still seen no blue column tolling along ahead of them, while the marks on the road were even fresher than before, they began to regard the situation in the light of a puzzle. At this second pause for information, they described the only living thing they had met on their route. It was an old Virginia fanner, one of the butternut species, a weazen-faced old chap, bent under the weight of many years, which did not prevent him shouldering his shot-gun every night probably and stealing out under cover of the dark to some bushwhacking covert to have several shots at the Yanks. This man was approached for information. Jim, of the Second corps, was the spokesman.

"Any troops passed this way?" he inquired.

"Yes--a right smart lot went by this yere road this mornin'," drawled the butternut.

"What corps did they belong to?"

"Well, some of 'em told me they belonged to Mr. Longstreet's company."

We both bounded in our saddles.

"Mr. Longstreet's company!" exclaimed Jim.

"Great Scott! we've been all the morning pursuing the rebel army."

And with that he jumped his horse over the ditch on the side of the road, and with the writer struck out a bee-line for Stafford Court-house, as near as he could estimate it. Half an hour's ride brought us in sight of the three blue columns tolling along toward the Rappahannock, and the adventure was over. It was a lesson to one of the parties who had had the experience, at least. He clung close to his mess, and was always in the bivouac at night, before the countersign was given out. One such escape was sufficient to make him prudent. His companion, on the famous ride after Longstreet, was not so deeply impressed with the "might have been" of the affair, and evidently recked little of what might have ensued had the two rough riders succeeded (as they tried very hard to do) in overtaking the rebel army.

The very next day Jim came riding over to the writer's quarters--an eligible site in a mud-puddle in the woods--where he had been taking a nap in a rain-storm, and proposed that he should mount his horse forthwith and ride over to an elegant old Virginia farm-house and have dinner. The Mercurial Irishman was all enthusiasm over his discovery.

"Oh, it's elegant," said he. "It's civilization--the first we've had a chance to see for a month. And there are ladies--a mother and her two daughters--young, beautiful, refined, intelligent--educated in Baltimore. And they play the piano and sing. Think of that!"

Thus he sang the praises of the charming family he had found, and tempted the companion of the previous scrape to accompany him on a visit to the house. It was fully two miles off the line of march pursued by the troops, but the journey was repaid by the real scene of civilization that was enjoyed by the rough campaigners, used only to the dismal life of the camp and bivouac. The old lady was genial and hospitable, the daughters were young, beautiful, agreeable and, in fact, all that they had been painted by the enthusiastic Irish correspondent. There were no men about the house--there never were any young men to be seen at home when our army made its marches in Virginia, and our hostess acknowledged that her sons were in the rebel army. She, too, and her daughters were charmingly disloyal, and the latter naively expressed the wish that we Yankees should be cured of our desire to march to Richmond "every now and then," by being all summarily killed by the Johnnies, whose lives they hoped would all be spared in answer to their prayers. This banter was peculiarly pleasant to the writer as well as to Jim and a third correspondent whom he had also invited to accompany him to this hospitable mansion. The old lady said she felt sorry to see us suffer so in the fields in the rain and mud--we were so young and we seemed so well brought up, all of very good families in the North, doubtless. She had boys of her own who were probably suffering the same discomforts, but although she could not forget we represented her enemies who had come to kill her children and ruin her country, her mother's heart got the better of her and she could not help giving us a motherly attention. The cunning flatterer! Between her and the charming little rebel girls, our vanity was tickled, and our heads were completely turned. She gave us a fine dinner, and as we discussed the rare cookery (to us) in the society of the young ladies, we three addlepated idiots felt happy and secure. Dinner over, we adjourned to the parlor, and the ladies played and sang "Stonewall Jackson's Way," "The Bonny Blue Flag," "Maryland, my Maryland," and "Dixie," charmingly and coquetishly confident that they were annoying us. And then there was such a polite interchange of sarcasm when we suggested that they favor us with "The Star-Spangled Banner," and there was such a delicious point put on when they were requested to give us "Yankee Doodle," and then they expressed such charming horror when one of our number drummed out "John Brown's Body" on the piano painfully with one finger of one hand--oh! it was bewildering! The best fun we had ever enjoyed. But by this time, night was falling, and the writer could see a straggling campfire here and there in the already dusky distance, so he regretfully suggested that the horses be sent for and the guests take their departure. The old lady wouldn't hear of such a thing. What! Should we poor boys go out in the drizzling rain and sleep in the icy fields and woods with no covering when she had prepared comfortable beds for us for one night at least? No; she was a Christian woman, and thank heaven, she could present her other cheek to her enemy; she could do unto others as she would have them do unto her, and she could even love and entertain them who hated her and her countrymen, and oppressed them, and much more in the same vein of biblical philosophy. The young ladies added their influence. They were, oh! so fearful that their expressions of rebel sentiments and the fervor with which they had sung their Southern songs had been considered rude and had affected the young gentlemen. We were all young then, and had not learned so much of religion or of women as we have since. So the mother and her pretty daughters carried their point. That is to say, the writer at first gave in and surrendered with his comrades, but afterward reconsidered, as he heard the cavalry bugles sounding tattoo. The scare of the previous day came over him--the lonely feeling he had experienced on finding himself groping in vain for the track of the army, with an even chance of being captured or shot by guerrillas, was revived with threefold

force. He insisted on departing against the blandishments of the ladies and the protests of his companions. He carried his point, got his horse, mounted and rode away in the dark, leaving his friends to enjoy their snug and comfortable quarters. It is true he had a twinge of regret when he was challenged by the picket, and was compelled to dismount and walk a mile through the deep mud before he could be identified by some one who knew him and his office, but when he finally rolled himself in his blanket and sank down on the ground to rest beside his young chums of the staff, he felt safer than on the downy couch he had declined. The army was in motion at 4 A. M. That day Jim and his companion did not appear at their quarters. The next that was heard from them was a plaint from Libby Prison in Richmond. They were exchanged after an imprisonment of five or six months, and then they finished the story. They had slept well, and had been furnished with a good breakfast, but when they stepped out on the piazza of the mansion after bidding the young ladies good-by, they were met by the two brothers of the girls who, with two of their comrades of the rebel army, disarmed them, took them prisoners, confiscating their horses, arms, money and valuables, and even changing boots and coats with them. They were then taken by a circuitous route to one of the fords, often passing close to our marching troops, and conveyed across the river to the headquarters of the rebel cavalry General, Jeb. Stuart. They heard the bombardment of Fredericksburg as the cattle-car rolled away with them *en route* to Richmond as prisoners of war. They ruefully declared that the old lady and her charming daughters had "put it all on," and that they would never, never, never again trust a person who talked in religious phrase, and that they would always keep their weather eye open when dealing with women in the future, no matter how nice, or beautiful, or refined.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEEING THE SLUMS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Metropolitan society has a new wrinkle. It is borrowed from the English, of course. For some time past, thanks to the revelations made by the London papers of the vice and misery there, it has been fashionable for the swells to finish the night after the opera or the ball with a trip through the slums, well guarded by detectives, of course. The new sensation has reached New York, and every night the Headquarters detectives are called on to pilot such parties through the dives and opium joints and the other resorts which make the night life of Gotham interesting. These "slum sociables," as they are called, are very popular with our upper ten. The dukes and their fair friends find an exquisite enjoyment in viewing scenes of vice and misery which they cannot alleviate and would not if they could. As for vice and misery, they go on in the same old way, reveling and despairing as they will continue to revel and despair long after the "slum sociable" has gone as completely out of fashion as if it never had existed.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 46, out Saturday, Feb. 23, contains: Divorcees to Order: how people who are tired of one another in New York unload their burdens; a Brooklyn divorce mill; astounding revelations which point to wholesale bigamy; fully illustrated. The New Deluge; more pictures from the scenes of the great floods. The Fakir's Story; how he used muriatic acid as a hair bleacher, and what it led to; strange leaves from a stranger life; splendidly illustrated. Queen Victoria Brown: an astounding collection of cold and startling facts; was the Queen of England married to the faithful John? with portrait of John Brown. The Lion Queen; a gloomy episode from the real life of the circus; crippled to make a public holiday. A Boston Glove Fight. The Prompter; Tommaso Salvini. Gilcholy's Uncle, by Bill Poster. "On Der Square." The Willy Cop. Referee. Bill Board. Prowler.

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DAVID MICHAUD.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of David Michaud, the strong man, who is styled the American Sampson. He was born in the town of Kamouraska, Province of Quebec, July 10, 1850. It is claimed he lifts 3,000 pounds. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighs 205 pounds, and measures 17 inches around the neck; chest, 48 inches; chest expansion, 49 inches; forearm, 13 inches; arm-down, 16 inches; shoulders, 22 inches; waist, 35 inches; thigh, 24½ inches; calf, 18½ inches. He now resides in Holyoke, Mass., and is ready to lift against Dowd, or any man in the world.

SHE TRAVELS WELL HEeled.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The appearance of Adeline Patti on Broadway, escorted by a pair of stalwart detectives, was a common sight during the season of the Mapleson Opera Company here. The apparition was explained by the fact that the prima donna was compelled to adopt this precaution to protect her diamonds. The detectives went shopping with her, escorted her to the theatre, and watched in the wings while she was on the stage. They were as faithful to her as her shadow, or as Niccolina--"you pays your money and you takes your choice."

POISONED BY A RIVAL.

Wash Ford, colored, died in Lancaster county, S. C., a few days ago, from poison administered in an apple by his rival in love. It appears that Wash was recently married to a girl in an adjoining county, who had a number of beaux, and a few days after marriage Wash was made the recipient of a package containing two apples and two cigars, from one of his old rivals. He presented the cigars to a friend of his, who became very sick after smoking them, and ate the two apples himself. Shortly after eating them he became violently sick and lingered until a night or two ago, when he died.

CHARLES F. GRAULICH.

[With Portrait.]

Charles F. Graulich, a local runner of Detroit, was born in Detroit, Wayne county, S. pt. 12 1862. He is 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs 180 pounds. He has run several races, and now challenges any man in Michigan to run him a foot-race of 200 yards, providing the man weighs 180 pounds or over, for \$250 a side. He can be seen at 212 Marion street or 71 Macomb street, Detroit, Mich.

A GOOD FIGHT.

The Contest Between Murray and Henry at Pelham Bridge.

A Fair-and-Square Encounter Between Two Good Men—Arrest of the Pugilists.

The long-pending prize fight with gloves, arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, between Jim Murray, of New York, and Tom Henry, of Manchester, Eng., was decided at an early hour on Feb. 20, at Blizard's Hotel, Pelham, New York.

By 5 A. M. the rig had been erected in the driveway of the hotel, and the crowd swarmed round the inclosure. Delegation after delegation arrived in all kinds of vehicles, and many tramped in, the coaches having broken down.

At 6:30 A. M. the pugilists were ordered to prepare for the mill. The rain was pouring in torrents and the crowd, who had been standing shivering since 5 A. M., were eager to see the pugilists enter the ring.

Murray quickly pulled on his blue drawers and white hose, while Mike Cleary, assisted by Bob Farrell, laced Henry's fighting-shoes.

Luke Welsh, Barney Aaron and Mike Henry helped to dress Murray.

At 6:55 A. M., the pugilists, wrapped in blankets, entered the ring. Both were loudly cheered. Murray occupied the southwest and Henry the northwest corner.

Shortly after the pugilists were seated offers of \$100 even were laid on Murray. Gus Kenny, of Washington square, made four bets of \$50 even on Murray. Mike Cleary backed Henry. It was with great difficulty the ring was cleared, and it was all John Flood, Tom McAlpine, Frank Stevenson and Ed. Haggerty could do to clear it.

Bob Farrell, cousin of Joe Coburn, and Mike Cleary then stepped into the inclosure to handle Henry. Andy Hanley, of Philadelphia, was his umpire. Barney Aaron, the retired light-weight champion, hero of many a hard fought battle, had been secured to second Murray with Mike Costello.

Luke Welsh was back-holder for Murray, while Johnny Roach, of the Fourth ward, who trained Paddy Ryan to fight Sullivan, was umpire for Murray. Billy Bennett, the noted Sixth avenue sporting man, was time-keeper.

Among the celebrities round the ring were: Mark Moore, Supervisor Snyder, J. H. Campbell, Bob Smith, Dan O'Brien, Denny Sullivan, John Leary, Tom McCabe, Billy Bennett, John Flood, Tom Draper, Ed. Haggerty, Dennis McAuley, J. Cusick, Billy Edwards, Arthur Mullen, George Fullames, Frank Stevenson, Sam Felter, Lew Merigold, Gus Kenny, and a host of prominent club men.

Matt Moore entered the ring about 7 A. M., and stated that he had come from New York to act as referee, and that he was going to decide the contest on the merits of the pugilists. All being ready the blankets were taken off the pugilists, the seconds advanced to the center of the ring, all crossed hands and then retired.

Time was then called and both men faced each other. The position of Henry was very fine, his left hand being a little advanced from his body, while his right lay across his breast. That of Murray was low, his left hand being near his thigh, with his right very little higher up, leaving his face and body much exposed, he seemingly not caring for blows as long as he can deliver hard ones himself. He appears defiant of punishment as long as he can get at his opponent.

After a minute's sparring Henry led with his left mawley, but he was short, and then he threw in his right, which landed on Murray's left ear. The latter then rushed in, and left and right deliveries followed in rapid succession, until they were in each other's arms, when the referee ordered them to break away; then there was some sparring and feinting, when Murray led and was short. This Henry took advantage of, and delivered a heavy right-hander on Murray's left ear. The men then fought rapidly left and right until they came to a clinch, when the referee ordered them to break away. Coming close together again, they both delivered right-handers at each other's heads and made rapid exchanges all over the limited space they had to fight in, until they clinched again and were ordered once more to break away. Getting together again, Henry planted a hard left-hander on Murray's stomach, for which favor he received a hot right-hander on his left ear. Then rapid exchanges followed right and left, until they came to a clinch. Again they were ordered to break away, but in an instant they were at close quarters again, and Henry delivered a severe right-hander on the left side of Murray's head; then blow for blow followed, until the men were again in each other's arms. They were made to break away, and after a few more left and right-handers, Henry planted his right heavily on Murray's mouth, which knocked him down, just as the three minutes were up, when his seconds, in defiance of the rules, ran and picked him up.

ROUND 2.—The men responded quickly to the call of time, and after a little sparring for an opening Murray let fly with his left, but this was short, and Henry, being more steady, got in a damaging right-hander, which landed on Murray's left ear. Then there were several exchanges, left and right, at the head until the men were in each other's arms, when they were ordered to break away. The men seemed now to be well warmed up for their work, and they rushed at each other in the gamest manner, delivering left and right-handers at each other's heads, but many of these were wasted by being too high. The men soon fought to a close, and were ordered to break away, which they did promptly only to get a breath and go at it again. Two gamer fellows never faced each other in a prize ring, and they seemed to be about equally matched in every way. Coming together again, Henry landed his right hand heavily on Murray's neck, and in an instant they were delivering left and right-handers all around the ring, Murray driving Henry before him until they clinched at the ropes. Breaking away, they had a short breathing spell, when Murray, seeing an opening, let fly and caught Henry a stinger on the mouth. For this favor, however, he got a heavy right-hander, and then they drew toward each other and were delivering half-arm hits when they were ordered to their corners.

ROUND 3.—When the men came to the scratch they both looked the worse for the liberties they had been taking with each other. Henry was the first to make

play with a right-hander on the left side of Murray's jaw. The latter replied with a right-hander, but his blow went over the Englishman's head. Then there were some strong give-and-take left and right deliveries, each getting in four times with the right on the left side of the head of his opponent at long range, then, getting closer, they pegged away left and right until they got to a clinch, when they were ordered to break away. Coming again like game-cocks, Henry planted a heavy left-hander on Murray's stomach, which made him wince, but Henry in return got a right-hander on the left side of his head and another right-hander on his ribs, when again the men came to a clinch and fought half-arm at each other's head until ordered to break away. Coming together again, Henry put in a hard right-hander on Murray's mouth and nose, which turned on the tap, but for which liberty Murray got in two hard facers. Murray had the best of this round, and seemingly was gaining strength.

ROUND 4.—Murray came up with a cheerful grin, and his backers were still willing to bet odds on his winning the fight. The men, after a little sparring for an opening, made play, Henry at the victualing department, where he planted a hard one with his right, getting away from Murray's right at the head. Fierce left and right-hand fighting then took place until they tumbled into each other's arms and were ordered to break away. This order they obeyed, but only for a moment, when they were again busy at half-arm work at each other's heads at the ropes. The fighting that followed another break was as game as any seen by any men. They fought left and right all over the ring, and had to be separated twice by the call of the referee. The round ended by Murray planting a heavy right-hander on Henry's jaw, and the latter fell just as the time was up for the end of the round.

ROUND 5 AND LAST.—When the men came to the scratch they appeared very exhausted, but were eager to get at each other, and there was no time wasted in getting to work. Murray appeared the more gay, and he led off with a right-hander on the left side of Henry's head. For this favor he got one of the same sort on his left ear, and then the men soon got to close quarters, where hit for hit, left and right, was the order, until they got too close and were ordered to break away by the referee. Coming together again, a few exchanges took place, when, after Murray had delivered a swinging right-hander on Henry's left ear, the latter swung in his right, which landed on the point of Murray's chin, and he fell as if hit with a club. He lay on his back deaf to the call of time, and Henry was then declared the winner of the fight. Murray was oblivious for two or three minutes, and when he came to his senses he was terribly chagrined at the unlooked-for result. The fight lasted just 22 minutes.

When Murray was picked up and brought out into the air he revived, and when told that he had lost he struck at one of his attendants and almost cried, saying: "I'm not whipped yet."

Both men were taken to their rooms, and Frank Stevenson, of New York, kept watch over them. Sheriff Horton, of White Plains, with his deputies arrived, pushed open the door, and, advancing toward Murray, who sat on the edge of the bed, still wearing his ring costume, he said:

"I am Sheriff of this county. You are my prisoner."

"Ah, now, none of yer kiddin'," snarled out Murray.

"Get on your clothes and be quick about it," said the Sheriff.

"What are ye goin' to do wid me?" Murray asked.

"I am going to take you to White Plains," the Sheriff said.

To Deputy Duffy the Sheriff shouted: "Arrest the other man!" Henry was in a room across the hall, to which Duffy was denied admission.

"Break that door down!" said the Sheriff.

Deputy Duffy smashed the door to smithereens in short order, and, advancing to Henry, snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. The Sheriff was informed that the mob had gathered outside the hotel, and threats had been made to rescue the prisoners as soon as they appeared in charge of the officers. Leaving his prisoners with his deputies, Sheriff Horton went down stairs, and, facing the crowd, which numbered about fifty, he said:

"I have arrested the principals in a prize fight here this morning. I have arrested them by virtue of the authority vested in me as Sheriff of Westchester County, and now I command you to immediately disperse. I am going to take my prisoners to White Plains, and I give you men full warning that I shall not be interfered with. I shall shoot the first man that raises a hand against me. I have come prepared, and I want you to understand that I am not to be intimidated by any of your threats." This had the desired effect and the mob hurried to Bartow station, where they expected the Sheriff would take a train, but he outwitted them. He took his prisoners to New Rochelle, thence to New York and to White Plains, arriving there at half-past twelve o'clock. Murray and Henry were arraigned before Justice Long and committed to the White Plains jail.

After the announcement was made at the POLICE GAZETTE office that the Sheriff of New Rochelle had arrested Jimmy Murray and Tom Henry, Richard K. Fox at once sent a dispatch to the Sheriff, Stephen D. Horton, at New Rochelle, asking what disposition had been made of the prisoners. The Sheriff replied that they had been sent to White Plains and committed in default of \$1,000 bail. Mr. Fox at once left for New Rochelle to furnish the required bonds. It was the opinion of the majority of the sporting men who witnessed the hurricane battle at Blizard's Hotel that if it had not been for the chance blow Henry delivered on his opponent's jaw in the fifth round, Murray would have won the fight.

HON. JAMES P. McTEER.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. McTeer, whose portrait we publish in this issue, is an ex-Judge of the Criminal Court of the Seventy-ninth district of Virginia, and the present prosecuting attorney for the commonwealth. He is a rising member of the bar, and has rendered himself popular by his championship of the right, and has won respect by his legal abilities.

L. B. ARKWRIGHT.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish the portrait of L. B. Arkwright, the noted wing-shot, who has won numerous matches all over the country. Arkwright is what is termed a snap-shot. He resides in Youngstown, and stars ready to shoot against any of the champions.

THE LONG ISLAND STRANGLER.

The Bold Escape and Dramatic Recapture of Charles H. Rugg, the Murderer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Charles H. Rugg, the negro to whom all the evidence points as the desperado who committed the Maybee, Townsend and Sprague tragedy, looms up as the most noted criminal in the history of Long Island. His name, for years, will be a bugaboo in the peaceful counties of Queens and Suffolk, and even now, when he is once more safely lodged behind prison bars, the quiet citizens tremble at the mention of his name, and will not feel easy until the law has meted out hempen justice to the wretch.

The latest sensation in which he figured was his escape from the Queens County Jail, at Long Island City, and his recapture at Woodside. Both were dramatic events, well calculated to throw a glamour of romance about the career of the brute.

Rugg, after his incarceration, feigned sickness, and received some sympathy from his keepers. On Sunday evening, Feb. 17, a few minutes before 10 o'clock, Jailer Murphy noticed that Rugg was sitting on a stool shaking violently. Murphy went back to the jailer's office and mixed Rugg a powder which had been left for him by Dr. William H. Burnett, who had him in his care. When he got back to Rugg's cell, Rugg appeared to be very weak. Murphy opened the cell door with his key and handed Rugg the cup holding the powder. Rugg drank it at a gulp, and as Murphy reached for the cup he sprang upon him and clutched his neck.

The jailer, who is a very large, powerful man, struggled hard to break away, but could not. He managed, however, to strike him several blows in the face. He shouted loudly for help. Rugg struck him three times on the head with a stool, threw him violently down, and made a break for the door.

Just then ex-Mayor Debevoise, of Long Island City, who is an inmate of the prison, ran to the jailer's assistance. He brought with him a policeman's billy, which was the only available weapon. He struck Rugg on the forehead, cutting him and drawing blood, which flowed down on his face. Rugg staggered back against the wall, and gasped:

"It's all up; I'll quit."

Instead of yielding, he darted like lightning through the cell door, and went flying through the corridor leading to the jailer's office. The doors leading from the office to the street were locked, and Rugg dashed up stairs into the corridor of the court house, of which the jail forms a part, and ran into the Grand Jury room, which faces Thompson avenue. Without stopping to open the window he plunged headlong through the glass. He landed in the mud twenty feet below, picked himself up without appearing to be injured, and disappeared in the darkness.

The wildest excitement prevailed when the news of the escape spread, and the officers were aided in their search by the citizens who turned out to aid in hunting the ruffian down. Something like 150 men—deputy sheriffs, constables, policemen and private citizens—were in the various searching parties that went scouring the country. They scoured all the swamps, patches of woodland in the vicinity for miles around, taking in on their way a number of villages, and thoroughly examining all the barns, outhouses and churches.

A party of the searchers, headed by Sergeant Whitcomb, arrived at Woodside about ten minutes to 1 o'clock, and in passing the church on Feb. 20, noticed a broken window. They had been informed on the road that some person had slept in a church at Locust Grove on Monday night, and concluded to search the church. They tried the doors, but they were fastened, and were about to try the windows, when Mr. Samuel Twaddle, principal of the public school and sexton of the church, came to their assistance. He had the keys to the church, and tried to open the front door, but the keys would not work. They then went to the rear door, but that, too, was fastened from the inside. They then tried the window. Twaddle, who is much smaller than the sergeant, entered and saw the negro at the end of the principal aisle. He at once shouted to Whitcomb, who was trying to get through the narrow window "Rugg is here!" Whitcomb handed Twaddle his pistol, saying: "Shoot him if he don't surrender."

As soon as Rugg heard the words "Shoot him," he removed the seats with which he had barricaded the door, and started at a lively gallop into the open lot in front of the church, the sergeant at his heels. Rugg bounded over the fence like a greyhound. By this time Whitcomb had secured possession of his pistol from Twaddle, and when Rugg got over the fence he fired one shot at him, without effect. After crossing the fence Whitcomb alighted, and, being a large man, fell heavily. Mr. Twaddle continued the chase about 250 yards, and finally succeeded in catching Rugg by the collar of his woolen shirt. He made no resistance, knowing that it was useless, for Sergeant Whitcomb, with a smoking revolver ready for use, was at his side in a moment. Twaddle secured a clothes-line, and the sergeant securely bound both his hands and took him to the railroad station, and conveyed him to his old quarters in the jail.

THE MAD MAGICIAN'S REVEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The brilliant but shattered intellect of Prof. John Goldberg, the well-known magician who was lately taken to Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, was given full scope a few evenings before he was secured and sent by his friends to a safe retreat. He entered a well-known place on Thirty-second street, known as the "House of All Nations," and was invited to the hospitalities of the house. A young woman who lately arrived from Philadelphia had taken the professor's fancy, and, producing his pet dove, he told her to lead him to her apartment. He was soon surrounded by a number of the boarders in the house, who, in their extravagantly rich and gorgeous costumes, representing the princesses of all nations, formed, with the professor and his dove, a remarkable tableau. The professor took out his pack of cards and went through a number of tricks with them, blowing one card into the Sultan's slipper and sticking another into the bosom of the Princess of Persia, and sticking other cards in different parts of the clothing of the other representatives of the female loveliness of the nations. "On whomsoever this ace of hearts is found," he said, "will be my bride before the next Sabbath bell disturbs the silence of the rural valley." The card was found on Miss Pearl Trevor, also known as Fanny Eltinge. Offering her his arm, he observed, "We shall go to the Japanese room and there our betrothal shall take place. Ladies, follow and bear witness to the

ceremony." The procession was taken up to the apartment, where the professor ordered unlimited bottles of wine for the company. Half a dozen bottles were opened and emptied, and the scene soon became lively. The professor performed all manner of tricks of magic and carried on in a brilliantly insane manner for an hour or so. He was finally rescued from his perilous position by some friends who had started out in search of him.

RECONCILED BY DEATH.

Husband and Wife Brought Face to Face in a Dead-House of an Hospital.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Uhler, the unhappy woman, whose erratic conduct during life brought sorrow and death in its wake, was quietly given decent Christian burial on Friday, Feb. 15. The story of her life and death was told in our last issue. She died poor and friendless, her own kin having even apparently deserted her. Her body lay in the dead-house of the New York Hospital, and there was a prospect that she would fill a pauper's grave. J. Clement Uhler, the husband from whom she had been separated for three years, hearing of her death through the papers, reached New York on Thursday. He claimed the right to bury her, and went at 11 o'clock to the New York Hospital with his lawyer, W. F. Kintzing. Mr. Kintzing explained their errand to the physician in charge, and an attendant was sent with a lantern to conduct them to the dead-house in a back cellar. The body lay as it had been left after the autopsy, but covered by a sheet. Mr. Uhler lifted the cloth from the face and said:

"It is the body of my wife, though so changed since I last saw her, three years ago, that I would not have known it but for the circumstances of the case."

Mrs. Uhler left her husband to live with William H. Haverstick in the Vienna Flats in West Twenty-third street, and her brother, George W. Conkling, came from Nevada a year ago and killed Haverstick there. Mrs. Uhler died in poverty on Wednesday, the 13th inst. The body was delivered to her husband.

No more touching or Christian-like funeral address was ever delivered than the few remarks of the Rev. Augustus C. Wedekind, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, over the body. He said:

"In the presence of death and in the presence of Him who is the God of the quick and the dead the stones will fall out of our hands which some persons might be disposed to cast upon this woman. In the prayer of the blessed Saviour we read these two petitions: 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' I have but little to say of her who lies before us now so peacefully but who has passed through such a fearful storm. What I say in regard to her shall be in the direction of St. Paul's caution, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

"Our sympathies are especially demanded for him who stood nearest to her for the last half-decade of years, whose once happy home was invaded by a serpent who crept in and beslimed the pure heart of the mother and the wife. God, who frequently visits us on earth with punishment for our sins, in his mysterious providence suffered this man to be summoned very suddenly to give an account of his deeds."

"Our sympathies go out secondly toward those that were nearer and dearer perhaps than all to a mother's heart than anybody else, and whom we are told she always loved and talked of, the two now orphaned children. We sympathize also with the parents, who probably do not know to this moment that their once loving, blithe daughter lies here. Nor can we forget the brother, who doubtless acted from impulse more than from judgment, and who, while he nobly endeavored to defend his family and the honor of his sister, committed the wrong that can only be expiated by God's pardon."

THE ARCTIC MARTYRS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Twice buried, twice disinterred, after 11,000 miles of strange wanderings, the bodies of the ten heroes of the lost Jeannette have at last been laid to rest in the land from which they went forth to death.

The bodies of the martyrs arrived at Hoboken, N. J., on Feb. 20, on the steamer Frisla. The caskets, that had been tenderly watched during the long journey by Lieuts. Harber and Schuteze, of the navy, who had been detailed two years ago to search for the bodies in the frozen north, and bring them safely back to this country, were handed over by them to the naval and military authorities on Feb. 22.

On that day an imposing procession conveyed the remains of the heroes from Pier No. 1, North river, where they were landed, to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The cortege passed over the Brooklyn bridge, and we give a good view of it taken from the roof of the POLICE GAZETTE building. The biers were arranged in line as follows:

Seaman, Heinrich A. Knack; Machinist, Walter Lee; Coal-heaver, Neise Iverson; Seaman, Adolph Dressler; Fireman, George W. Boyd; Seaman, Carl A. Gortz; Seaman, Ah Sam; Meteorologist, Jerome J. Collins; Passed Assistant Surgeon, James M. Ambler; Lieutenant-Commander, George W. De Long. There was also in the line a hearse bearing a memorial to Lieutenant C. W. Chipp, one of the unrecovered dead of the expedition.

On Saturday, Feb. 23, the funeral services of Lieutenant Commander De Long and comrades (excepting Jerome J. Collins) took place in the Church of the Holy Trinity, corner of Forty-second street and Madison avenue, after which the bodies were taken to Woodlawn cemetery, being escorted by a large body of military and civilians. The funeral ceremonies over Jerome J. Collins took place at the Catholic cathedral on Fifth avenue, and the body was then shipped to Cork, Ireland, his native city. Dr. Ambler's remains were sent to Fauquier county, Va.

DOWN ON YOUR MARROW-BONES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A rough, named John Gardner, got on a spree, in Austin Tex., on Feb. 8, rode up Oak street and met Dr. L. E. Price's boys, whom he made kneel down and pray at the point of a six-shooter. He then proceeded along the road, playing similar pranks upon all whom he encountered. Finally, in front of B. U. Schmidt's dwelling, he presented his pistol at Schmidt's baby. The father grabbed the infant and placed it with its mother in a back room. Gardner galloped off and Schmidt ran to a neighbor's, borrowed a shot-gun and was returning, when Gardner reappeared before the house and commenced firing into it. Discovering Schmidt he turned and shot at him. The fire was immediately returned, and Gardner was fatally wounded while Schmidt was unharmed.



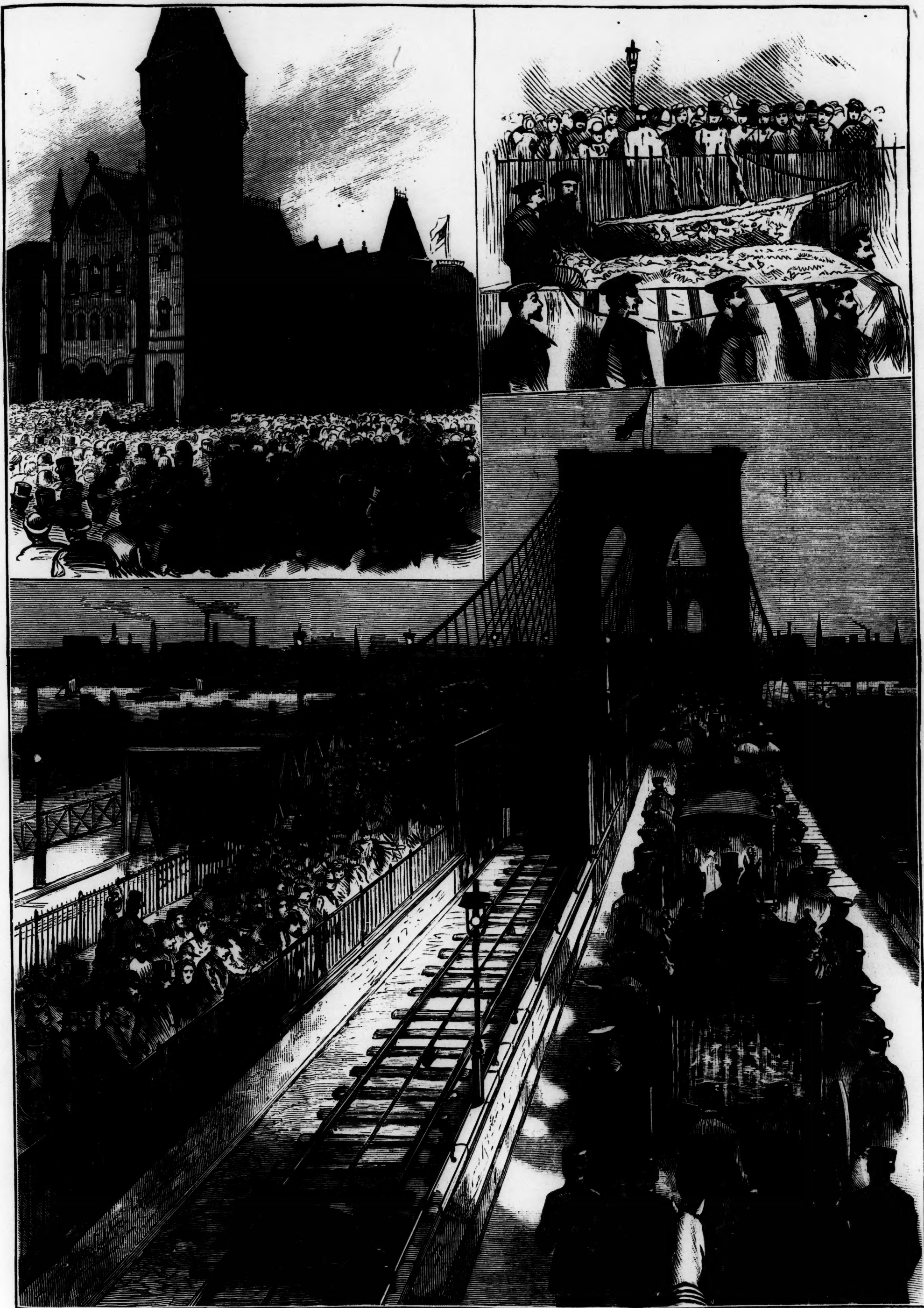
THE MAD MAGICIAN'S REVEL.

HOW PROFESSOR GOLDBERG, THE WELL-KNOWN PRESTIDIGITATOR, ENTERTAINED HIS LAST AUDIENCE IN THE CRIMSON SPLENDOR OF AN UP-TOWN BOARDING-HOUSE FOR LADIES EXCLUSIVELY; NEW YORK CITY.



RUGG'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

THE BITTER BATTLE AND DESPERATE ESCAPE OF THE BLACK BANDIT AND MURDERER FROM THE FREE-AND-EASY JAIL AT LONG ISLAND CITY.



THE JEANNETTE'S DEAD.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE VICTIMS OF THE POLAR EXPEDITION IN NEW YORK—THE MARCH ACROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AS SEEN FROM THE "POLICE GAZETTE" PUBLISHING HOUSE—AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY—FLORAL TRIBUTES.

(From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.)

THE PRIZE RING.

What is Going On and What is Promised in Fistic Circles.

Good Fights from Maine to California, and Brilliant Prospects of a Fine Spring Opening of Pugilism.

Richard K. Fox has forwarded a "Police Gazette" medal for boxing to Harry Coburn, the boniface of Park City Saloon, Salt Lake City, Utah. The trophy will be competed for by the pugilists of Utah, as it represents the championship of that territory.

Harry James, the amateur champion and member of the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club, arrived in New York on Feb. 14. He stands 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 140 pounds, and is twenty-one years of age. He is a pupil of Charley Norton, and is at present located at the light-weight champion's sporting house, Market street, Newark, N. J.

A noted sporting man in Boston says that Sullivan made his first step as a pugilist at the benefit of Dan Dwyer. Sullivan had been up to Lowell with Goss, Ryan & Co., and upon several of these occasions expressed a desire to try it on with the Troy giant, but they only laughed at him. He persisted, however, in his desires and upon the occasion of Dwyer's benefit, which occurred in Revere Hall, a matter of three years ago or so last fall, he made through friends an application to "wind 'er up" with the Springfield champion. The latter did not regard with favor at first the proposition, but upon its being shown to him that the receipts would be greatly enhanced, owing to the great number of Sullivan's friends at the Highlands that would patronize the exhibition, Dwyer consented.

The evening of the show found the present champion of the world the first man in the dressing-room, which, by the way, was and is now always used as the ladies' saloon on the occasion of balls or parties. He quickly divested himself of his outer garments, and nearly an hour before his turn to go on came round he was prepared for the mill. He was then, as he is now, invariably neatly dressed, and had upon his hands an elegant new pair of gloves. While waiting he was—if his conduct during the interview is by me now judged a bit nervous: not of that fearful, nervous description, eager nervousness. He wanted, it was plain to be seen, an opening, and as Dwyer was then rated as a pretty good one, John wanted to do him up. Dwyer was also confident, banteringly so, and, together with Marcellus Baker and one or two others, they set the boys in Butler's billiard-hall underneath up to quizzing John. John would get up a moment for the purpose of arranging some portion of his costume, and while in this position some of the boys would come along and say: "Well, young feller, how are you feeling?" Modestly enough, yet, as I said before, confidently, the Highland Boy would reply: "Well enough, thank you." "Think you'll do your man?" another one would say. "Don't know, really; but I am going to try." "Don't think you're hardly in fix; arms ain't hardly where they ought to be," would remark another, as he felt of John's left bicep. "No, I'm not in fighting condition; yet, I think I'll do pretty well," and so on. Dwyer, meanwhile, with several friends, stood handy, laughing inwardly at the treat they were then having. John's turn came in a little while, when the master of ceremonies, in a suppressed smile, announced that the wind-up would be between Dan Dwyer, of Springfield, the beneficiary, and Mr. John L. Sullivan, the strong boy of the Boston Highlands.

All the loungers in Butler's billiard-hall and spongers in the ante-room sought positions near the stage. Even the door-keepers and the bootblacks on the stairs came in to see Dwyer have fun with the "kid." Sullivan was the first to show in the square, and he was greeted with applause. Everybody in the hall gave him a hand, his friends because he deserved it in their estimation, and the others because they wanted him to stand up and have Dwyer kill him. Upon Dwyer's appearance time was called, and with a sort of well-just-me-do-this-fellow-up smile to the gang Dwyer opened the fight—it was intended to be of six or seven rounds duration—with his right. It fell short. He rapidly went in again with his left, with quite a strong blow, landing somewhere on John's neck. As might be supposed, at the opening John was timid just a bit, but not nearly so much so as is usual upon such occasions. The left-hander from Dwyer sort of brought him back, as it were, and in just about as lively a manner as you would wish to see he gave the Springfield man a volley of blows from both hands, throwing him severely against the ropes, and almost over into the audience. Dwyer was dazed. You can bet he didn't laugh any more, nor did he fool any more. The round was finished by his keeping a very respectful distance from the strong boy's fists. The second round was tame in the extreme. It was evident that John wanted to do him up, but the better knowledge of ring tactics on the part of Dwyer prevented him. In the third round Dwyer's reputation was at stake, and, judging by his actions, must be saved. He let go both hands at once, and both landed, the left somewhere on John's ribs and the right about the head. Neither of the blows was of a severe character; they were what are termed as bluffs, but they didn't bluff John for a cent, and he let go promiscuously right and left, giving Dwyer a very dandy pummeling all over the square. The round had lasted hardly a minute, and the master of ceremonies, presumably out of compassion for the beneficiary, called time. Dwyer sank into insignificance, and the strong was the hero of the hour.

At Prof. Wm. C. McClellan's sporting house, corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue, on Feb. 16, there was a slashing glove fight between Jack Corkey, who weighs 170 pounds, and Jim Maloy, McClellan's pupil, who stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds. It appears that McClellan had announced that his Unknown would box any pugilist for a purse, and Corkey, with an idea to gain fame and glory, accepted the def. Corkey with a few friends called at McClellan's sporting house just as the latter was about to give one of his class of pupils a lesson. Corkey said he had come down to meet the Unknown, and agreed to box the Professor. After a lively discussion, McClellan said, "I have a pupil who will box you," and introduced Corkey to Maloy. The Harlem Pet, as Corkey is styled, supposing he had a soft snap, agreed to meet Maloy.

The preliminaries were promptly arranged and the pugilists stripped for the fray, and Maloy made ready.

Tom Canary agreed to handle Corkey, while McClellan seconded Maloy. It was agreed that the pugilists should box four rounds, Queensberry rules. All being ready the contest began. Corkey rushed at Maloy, and without depending upon any science, went right to work, hitting Maloy right and left, driving him all over the ring. Maloy then broke ground, changed his tactics, and by well-directed blows soon reduced the Harlem Pet's weight and knocked him down. In the second round the fighting was desperate; Maloy made a chopping-block of the Pet and again knocked him down. On time being called for the third round the Harlem Pet was all abroad, and he was puffing like a grampus, bleeding from the nose and mouth. McClellan ordered Maloy to force the contest, and he rushed him to the wall, landed his left on his nose and swung his right on to his neck until he was fought to a standstill. Corkey said he was sick, and refused to fight any longer. Maloy was only slightly marked, while Corkey's face was well frescoed.

James W. Bradley, of 136 E-sex, corner Mill street, Lawrence, Mass., has added to his sporting house a sixteen-foot ring, the first and only ring in the city. Mr. Bradley is well known by the sporting men of the Eastern States. Patsy Lipsey, the clever light weight, is manager and teacher of boxing at the establishment. The POLICE GAZETTE is on file.

At the slaughter-house, near the rapids, at Rochester, N. Y., on Feb. 14, Fred. Behler and Jack Seifert fought, according to "Police Gazette" rules. It appears the pugilists, who are both amateurs, had a dispute over a female at a ball held at Kolb's Hall on Feb. 13, and decided to settle the affair by a contest with the mawleys. The agreement was that the two should fight three-minute rounds until one of them threw up the sponge. There was nothing up between the principals but honor and revenge, but outsiders bet \$50 to \$100 on Behler. Three three-minute rounds were fought, and both received some very bad punishment. In the third round Seifert made a terrific pass at the waiter and threw his right wrist out of joint. This provoked the wildest enthusiasm, but it stopped the slugging. Seifert said he believed he could whip Behler with both hands, but he did not propose to attempt it with one. The referee therefore declared the fight a draw and all bets off. This decision caused great dissatisfaction among those who had their money up on Behler, but the others said nothing.

Sporting circles in Philadelphia are looking forward with eager interest to the approaching prize fight between Jack Keenan and Jimmy Mitchell, which is now a fixed fact, and will be decided on March 25.

Keenan is training under the mentorship of Joe Gaffney, a well-known sporting man and pugilist of Trenton, N. J. Arthur Chambers is Mitchell's backer, while John H. Clark is said to be behind Keenan. Keenan has been eager to fight any 120-pound pugilist during the past twelve months, and if Mitchell is as clever and can stand punishment as his friends claim, the battle will be a desperate one. Arthur Chambers is a good judge, and would not back Mitchell unless he was a first-rate pugilist. If Keenan can whip Mitchell his friends will make plenty of money, as Chambers' *protege* is well backed.

At Harry Hill's theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 6, Johnny Reilly, the well-known pugilist, will be tendered a benefit, and will wind up with Mike Donovan. J. J. Flynn's great English pugilistic combination will appear.

The hard-glove contest between Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, E. D., will be decided within 100 miles of this city on March 6. The pugilists are to contend according to "Police Gazette" rules, each round to last 3 minutes, with 1 minute rest between each. Dempsey's friends are confident he will win, while the admirers of the Greenpoint pugilist have an idea that he will conquer Dempsey without any trouble.

Tom Allen, the ex-champion pugilist of America, was quietly arrested at St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 9, to be taken to Kentucky to stand trial for violating the laws of that State against prize-fighting. Tom has been running a saloon on Market street, St. Louis, in the same block with the saloons of Tom Kelly and Jack Looney, also sports of more than local celebrity, ever since his return from England. Allen's last fight in this country was with Joe Goss, Sept. 10, 1876, about forty miles south of Covington, Ky., for \$2,500 a side. The authorities broke in on them the first time, and then they pulled up stakes and went by train into the adjoining county. The mill was well under way here, and Tom was getting the best of Joe when the crowd broke in on them, and a sort of Donnybrook Fair resulted, the battle, of course, being indefinitely postponed. Joe was arrested and fined and spent a few weeks in jail, but Tom went back on his bondsman and out of the country, stopped in Canada awhile, and then went to England and stayed several years, returning only last spring. He was doing a big saloon and concert business when he left, but came back almost flat broke. His friends helped him start up again, and he has been running now for nearly a year on Market street. He is all broke up over his arrest, not supposing that he would ever be troubled for his connection with a pugilistic fizzle over seven years old. It seems that his arrest was made at the instigation of W. P. Farrelly, one of the young men who went on Tom's bond in Kentucky. He and another young man named P. C. Murphy lost about \$3,000 between them by Tom's forfeiture of his bond, and Farrelly, hearing of Tom's return to St. Louis, decided to make him sweat for it. On Wednesday, Feb. 13, Tom was brought up in the Criminal Court, prior to examination for extradition to Kentucky. Allen showed the Court that he was repaying Farrelly for his loss on the forfeited bond in installments. He produced a receipt for \$500, and said he was going to pay up the balance as soon as he could, and added that Farrelly had caused his arrest for no other purpose than to hurry up the payments. Papers corroborative of this statement were shown, and as a result the prosecuting attorney refused to proceed, and the Court ordered Allen's discharge.

The majority of pugilists are men of considerable intelligence. They are of much higher grade intellectually than those who fought in the ring fifty years ago, and many have gained position and influence through being successful in the ring. There is a great difference in prize-fighters. The broken-nosed, bullet-headed, bull-necked, stumpy and low-lived pugilist of the olden days, who associated with hostlers and stable boys, has almost entirely disappeared. The pugilist was formerly the man who took off his hat when he came into the presence of a gentleman. As a rule, the reverse of this is now true.

A great many famous fighters pride themselves upon their manners. Such a one, for instance, is Paddy Ryan. No one could flatter Ryan more suc-

cessfully than by averring that he was a "perfect gentleman." Ryan always wore a beaver hat of the most fashionable mold and clothing that was richly embellished with silk facing and velvet collars. He wore clean linen and gaudy scarfs, and never considered himself quite right unless he held a half-smoked cigar in his mouth. He went about the streets accompanied by a thick-set and bright-eyed young man, who was laboriously introduced as "Ryan's secretary, Jerry O'Brien." Together these two gentlemen wandered about town, and were made welcome at all the prominent saloons. Ryan had a royal time of it for a year or so, until he went down South and was ingloriously walloped by John L. Sullivan. Just at this time Sullivan began to make calls. He went about the saloons of New York just as Ryan had done, but he did not fill the place of that gentle and cultured citizen of Troy. Sullivan was not a swell. He wore a loose and shaggy coat, heavy shoes, a Derby hat, and was often destitute of collars and cuffs. He lacked the gentleness of Ryan. He did not enjoy the companionship of other men as Ryan did, and was surly and gruff. By degrees, as Sullivan became more popular, prosperous and famous, his manner softened a little. The beaver hat mania struck him, and he became more particular in attire. He now dresses as fashionably as Ryan ever did, even going to the extent of wearing yellow gloves on his huge and ham-like hands.

Fred. Collier, who is being talked up in England as the coming heavy-weight champion, stands 6 feet 1 inch high and weighs 200 pounds in condition.

Billy Madden, the boniface of Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street, in this city, thinks Mitchell can whip any pugilist in America with bare knuckles, and it is more than probable on Mitchell's arrival, if not before, that he will match Mitchell against Cleary either to engage in a glove contest or fight with bare knuckles.

Bob Travers, the famous colored pugilist, was tendered a benefit at the Lambeth Baths Gynasium on Jan. 29. The following sparred: Donnelly (Islington) vs. Bob Furze, Young Sullivan vs. Priddy, Farrell's youngsters (aged thirteen and fourteen), Simon Flinthy vs. Jack Hartley, Nottage vs. Ching Ghook, Cronin vs. Lane, Jack Leonard vs. Leonard (an amateur), Cox vs. Wallis (two big 'uns), Gregg (Rough) vs. H. Arnold, Jacobs vs. Tierney, E. Ryan vs. Jem Hawkes (nephew to Jerry and Billy Hawkes), Young Jones vs. Kirby, Ryan vs. Cook (of Oxford), Young Johnny Walker vs. Kirby (Lambeth), W. Kennedy vs. J. Glover (amateur), McCarthy vs. O'Connor (described as two Frenchmen), and Bellamy vs. Burke, Jr. Bob Travers and Jem Dillon wound up, and brought to a satisfactory conclusion a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Billy Madden will, on the arrival of Charles Mitchell, organize a combination to make a tour through the country. Mitchell's task will be to attempt to knock out all the heavy weights. Prof. Wm. C. McClellan will be pitted against all the middle weights and attempt to knock them out or stop them. Jack Keenan, the clever light weight, will meet all at his weight, while John Kiernan, the noted feather weight of Jersey City, will meet all comers at his weight.

Mike Brennan, of Sacramento, and Daniel Brown, a colored heavy weight, fought four rounds at the Capital, San Francisco, for \$250 a side, Brown to knock Brennan out to win. At the close Brennan had nearly slaughtered Brown, and was awarded the fight. Now he wants to meet any man of his weight, 125 pounds, for \$500 a side.

John E. Kiernan, of Jersey City, has issued a challenge to box four three-minute rounds with any feather-weight pugilist in New York, for \$100 and upward. Kiernan stands 5 feet 5 inches, and weighs 116 pounds in condition. He was born in Jersey City, and is twenty-two years of age. Kiernan is a pupil of McClellan, and is said to be a very clever boxer.

Portland, Me., sporting men claim that the glove fight between Denny Delaney, of Biddeford, Me., and Mike Barry, of Portland, Me., will be a rattling affair. The pugilists are to fight for a purse and the light-weight championship of Maine, to take place at some place not over 100 miles from Portland. Delaney weighs about 20 pounds more than Barry, but the latter is a much more active man. The match has been talked of for some time. The title to the light-weight championship of Maine is in dispute, Delaney claiming it on the ground of having issued a general challenge that was not responded to. Barry has won the right to select the place, and is very anxious to have the fight come off within a short time, but Delaney declines to meet him in less than seven weeks. It is said the fight will be attended by all the prominent sporting men in the State. Both Barry and Delaney are good men, and the contest is expected to be long and well fought.

Only 1,000 spectators paid to witness Jem Mace's show at Leicester, England, on Jan. 31. Among the attractions was Capt. Charles H. Austin, the champion rifle-shot, who, among many marvelous feats, attempted to split a potato placed on the head of his wife. This feat was successfully performed from the ordinary shooting position, when the Captain placed himself in a lying position across a chair. Breathless silence prevailed, but immediately after the shot Mrs. Austin uttered a scream. Blood flowed profusely from the head, and Austin immediately seized his wife and carried her to the retiring-room. As might be expected, the utmost possible excitement prevailed; but, fortunately, Dr. McAlvey happened to be a spectator, and his services were of the utmost importance. Austin stated that his wife made a slight movement simultaneously upon his pulling the trigger, and that he knew some injury had been incurred. The doctor, in describing the injury, said that the ball struck the scalp on the left side of the head, making a wound about three inches in length. After a short interval, Smith, of Baltimore, better known as "Smith of Liverpool," had a set-to with the veteran Mace. Although the set-to was a capital exhibition, a complete damp was thrown upon the proceedings. Geo. Sheriff and Tommy Wilson brought the entertainment to a close.

Jack Green, of Boston, and Tom McManus recently fought with gloves in Boston for a purse. It was a slashing fight and was witnessed by a large crowd. McManus showed the most careful preparation, but this was more than balanced by Green's superior weight.

At the call the men faced each other, McManus with a coolness that won the admiration of every one. Green, with a determination and youthful rashness, let go with his right and left, but, although both blows counted, they did no damage. McManus sparred with great caution and little effort. Green kept dancing about his man, occasionally letting go his right in a most vicious manner. Only one blow did any damage. This opened a cut over McManus' right eye, for which the latter sent in one or two straight-from-the-shoulder

left-handers upon Green's mouth and nose. On the second round the gash over Mac's eye was not discernible, but Green reached it again, and a very fine stream of claret trickled down the neck and face of the Lowell boxer. It dimmed his sight somewhat, and for a moment or two it seemed as though Green was going to do him up at short notice. Mac was fought against the ropes, but he cleverly stopped with his own right the wickedest of the West End athlete's ventures, and got in so many warm ones upon the latter's face and head that the credit of the round was his.

On the third round Green was cautioned by his seconds to use his left. The cautioning did no good. His right seemingly was his only hand, and with it he made some desperate but futile attempts, while the Lowellite was getting in his work upon Green's face and head. The latter showed no signs of punishment except a swollen peeper. The chances were now even, and, upon taking their corners, the seconds made hasty work of getting them ready for the next round. Green was rubbed, fanned and cautioned once more to use his left. He replied that it was useless, as the thumb upon that hand had been out of joint from the finish of the first round. McManus' eye was again bathed.

When time was called both men were at each other, give and take. McManus' left was planted squarely no less than nine times upon the face of Green, one or two of the blows being of a staggering character. Green's right was also most effectively used, and occasionally so hard did he hit that Mac went astray. Neither acted with judgment. The round was one continuous rally until the call. The audience were excited to such an extent that the master of ceremonies stated that if either man received any outside encouragement the exhibition would cease.

The fifth round was a most interesting one. Green's right was aimed numberless times at Mac's head, but the delivery was so slow that the latter invariably avoided it. Mac didn't make many efforts to put in effective work. It appeared as though he was waiting for an opening for his right. This was more apparent when, after a rattling rally, he clinched that hand for a master stroke, and made play for Green to get in three good right-handers on his bad eye, in the hope that the latter might strike once with his left, but Green failed to give the opening. The first rally of the wind-up was a rattling give and take, Green leading again and again with his right, fighting with more precision than he had evinced at any previous stage of the struggle. His blows were hard, well-measured, and generally pretty well delivered, few of them going over Mac's head. Mac got a bit unsteady, and that coolness which he had wonderfully displayed during the earlier moments of the fight forsook him, and he fought a bit wildly. In the midst of a give-and-take struggle time was called. The referee decided the battle a draw.

Jack Tierney and Fred. Daly fought with hard gloves at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Feb. 7. Daly is the middle-weight champion, while Tierney is styled the "howling cyclone" of Grand Rapids township. In three rounds Tierney was whipped. He subsided into a gentle zephyr, a terrific right-hander on the jugular laying him out in his corner.

The long-pending prize fight between Pat Perry, of Birmingham, and Bill Goode, of London, was decided at Eltham, Kent, England, on Feb. 2. The match was made for \$50 a side about five weeks ago, C. Mitchell finding the stakes for Perry, who a few years since was one of the best men in the country at his weight, some of his local and well-known encounters being—one in which he defeated Alf Greenfield in a rough-and-tumble fight, and two in which he each time defeated Tom Lane, once at Hall Green, and once at Perry Barr. He had subsequently to knock under to Brillon. He is twenty-seven years of age, stands 5 feet 3½ inches in height, and weighs, in fighting form, 9 stone 7 pounds. Goode, alias the "Cricket," is a brother of the well-known Jem Goode, who is now in the States. A short time ago he fought Dick Roberts, of London, with the gloves, and it is probably owing to the science and hitting power he displayed in that encounter that the present match came about. He is not yet twenty years of age, stands 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and weighs 10 stone 7 pounds. Mitchell soon arranged the meeting, for which Goode expressed himself desirous, and it was agreed that the number of people present to witness the fight should be strictly limited to eight a side. The fight would have taken place on Wednesday, Jan. 30, but just when everything was in readiness, the apparently ubiquitous policeman put in an appearance, and the affair was straightway cunningly transformed into an off-hand running match. It was then agreed that the lads should meet on Saturday, and the fates were propitious. The high-contracting parties and others concerned meeting quietly at London Bridge and journeying in detachments to a selected spot not more than twenty miles from London, where the battle was fought. The fight was finished in 33 rounds, which occupied 52 minutes. For the first three rounds the fighting was of a splendid description, Perry, if anything, having the best of it, after which his condition, which was not nearly so good as his opponent's, slowly told its inevitable tale on him, and although he fought extremely well in several of the rounds afterward, he never could again get on equal terms with Goode, whose youth and extra weight were all in his favor. At the end of the thirty-third round Perry's seconds, seeing he had no chance, threw up the sponge. The fight was not in any sense a severe one, neither boxer being punished as badly as was generally anticipated.

A large crowd assembled at Joe Coburn's sporting saloon, Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, on Feb. 18, to witness the second deposit of \$200 in the match between P. Sullivan (Mike Coburn's Unknown) and J. Hughes, "the Dangerous Blacksmith." The stakeholder, Mr. Joe Goss, was unable to be present, but he was represented by G. Lewis. The contest is to be for \$500.

Three months ago articles were signed for a prize fight between Tom Houllihan, of New Britain and Al Collins, of Montreal, for \$250 a side, to occur within 100 miles of Hartford. Both men went into training, and the fight was to occur in a brick-yard south of Hartford, on Feb. 18. The news reached the Chief of Police, and he notified Sheriff Spalding to have 100 men armed and ready. The fight was consequently postponed.

On Feb. 19 the Sullivan combination gave an exhibition at Pueblo, Col., at which it was stated that Sullivan would not spar, having been incapacitated by a sprain from jumping.

Frank McGowan and Joseph Foley fought in New York, Feb. 14, eight rounds with bare knuckles. McGowan had the best of it when he slipped and sprained his ankle, which ended the battle.

A FALSE PRIEST.

Closing Chapters in the History of a Denver Will Case.

A Tale of Love, Wife-Desertion, Murder, Suicide Religious Fanaticism and Cupidity.

A case was decided in the District Court at Denver, Col., on Feb. 9, which contains more sensational points than the average work of fiction. It reads more like a chapter in a novel than a strange romance in real life. The first portions of the story have passed. The last chapter was ended in the court by the breaking of the will of Jas. Scanlon, who two years ago decided property worth \$30,000 to the Catholic church in Denver. Scanlon's rightful heirs, a widow and two children, wrested the property from the church. The case was on trial three days, and the facts brought out by the evidence are truly surprising. A Catholic priest of Denver has been convicted of willfully defrauding the heirs in order to obtain possession of the property for himself and the church.

Thirty odd years ago James Scanlon came to the United States from Ireland, bringing with him his wife, a comely lass, whom he had married in County Donegal. They lived only a short time in New York city. Their married life grew irksome to Scanlon, and one day he disappeared. He went West and identified himself with the early pioneers who located in Denver. He kept his history a secret, and his family never heard of him again. He prospered in Denver and grew rich. Two years ago he was on his death-bed. Some time before he had identified himself with the North Denver Catholic church, and when he found himself dying, so the story goes, he sent for Father O'Hern to administer to his spiritual wants. The priest knew of his worldly possessions, and asked if his will was made, and to whom he had given his property. Scanlon had not made his will, and then for the first time made it known that he was a married man and had a family living in the East. The will was drawn, and, it is claimed, signed in the presence of two witnesses. Scanlon was so weak that he could not sign his own name, and was only able to make his cross-mark by the priest holding the pen in Scanlon's fingers and drawing it across the paper.

In the will Scanlon's heirs were ignored. The property which was not willed to Father O'Hern personally was given to the church.

Surprise and indignation were mingled when Mrs. Cody, a kind-hearted lady of Denver, who had known Scanlon intimately, interested herself, and realizing how the heirs of Scanlon had been defrauded, determined to hunt them up and see that they got their just deserts. She was little aware of the story her efforts would be about to unfold. She knew of Scanlon's death bed confession, and by diligent inquiry and detective work ascertained that Scanlon's son in Philadelphia had, years before, committed a heinous crime, that of murdering his mother, the wife that James Scanlon had so cruelly deserted on going to Colorado. It also came to her knowledge that young Scanlon had suicided while in jail to prevent execution. Mrs. Cody went to Philadelphia and looked over the records of the court, without finding the information she desired. From the coroner's office Mrs. Cody went to the County Jail, where she learned that a man named Davidson had murdered his mother, and afterward, in June, 1882, killed himself while awaiting his trial. No such name as Scanlon had been heard of by the prison officials. Subsequent investigations, however, proved that Davidson's real name was John Scanlon, and he was the son of James Scanlon, of Denver. The wife and two sons of the murderer and suicide were then discovered without difficulty, and informed of their good fortune very much to their astonishment. After Scanlon deserted his wife, she went to Philadelphia and earned a living by peddling small wares. She waited several years for news of her truant husband, but finally concluded that he was dead, and married a man named Davidson, who died about ten years ago. Her son John took his stepfather's name.

Suit was entered to break the will. Father O'Hern and the others who were benefited in the will contested the suit to the bitter end, having the best legal talent in the city to defend their cause. The case was submitted to the jury, who were out only twenty minutes, when they brought in a verdict that the priest had obtained the making of the Scanlon will by fraud, and it was therefore void. Mrs. Scanlon has papers to show that she is the lawful heir, and there is now no doubt whatever that she will come into her rightful possession.

AN AMATEUR BURGLAR.

[With Portrait.]

James Stanton, who was arrested by Detective Price of the New York detective force, on Saturday, Feb. 16, while he was offering stolen silver in Green's pawnshop in the Bowery, was a man wholly unknown to the police, but turns out to be one of the most dangerous burglars in the city.

At first he stoutly denied that he had ever stolen anything but the silverware, which was valued at about \$3,000; but in his room in the Union Hotel, at the Bowery and Hester streets, eighty-three pawn-tickets were found, and he subsequently made the following startling confession, which has been corroborated by the investigations of the police:

"I am twenty years old. I ran away from school and worked in a restaurant. Then I went into street-peddling. I was selling bridge medals about the time of the bridge opening. I did not make enough to live comfortably, and I concluded to help myself to some of the property of the rich people.

"I didn't know any burglars or crooked people, and had to lay out my work for myself. I picked up a lot of odd-shaped keys, a skeleton or so, and a couple of files. I always had a knack at working in metal, and filing keys into shape came naturally. I would start out early in the morning with a bundle of papers under my arm, as if I were a newsman, go into a basement arway, and there try my keys until I found one that would open the lock. I would mark that house for operations that night. If the door had a fancy lock or bolts on it, I tried the next house. If the key worked hard or would not quite go, but from marks on the wax indicated that it could be made to fit, I filed it down and tried it next morning.

"I made it a rule never to enter a house before 2 o'clock in the morning, and then I always entered by the basement. I never went up stairs into the sleep-

ing apartments. I carried wax tapers, and by their light was able to select real silver, small articles of value, and property that could be carried easily. Wearing apparel or valises were safe to carry, for I never operated more than two blocks away from Broadway, and if I could get back to Broadway I was safe from being molested, for policemen don't stop people who boldly carry coats or valises on Broadway.

"It was in July last that I began, and every night since then I have been out on business. Sometimes a door folled me after I had made the key, by reason of a bolt that I knew nothing of, but at least three nights in the week I entered a house. Almost all of the houses I visited are in Capt. Williams' precinct. I got into more than 100 in six months, and was never disturbed once. I never carried a revolver or other weapon, having made up my mind not to resist if I couldn't run. I never saw any burglars' tools. It occurred to me that it would be a good plan to rob the same house twice or three times, because neither the people nor the police would expect it. What did I do with the money I made? Well, I don't drink or use tobacco, but I am fond of the theatres, and had a front seat in the orchestra at Wallack's, the Union Square, or the Fifth Avenue theatre every first night. In fact, I put in my time until midnight at the theatres."

MORMONISM IN BROOKLYN.

A Dentist Living With Two Women Who Claim Him as a Husband.

[With Portrait.]

Dr. Charles H. Moseley, a dentist, doing business at No. 199 Grand street, Williamsburgh, has been engaged in so many suits before the Brooklyn courts within the past few years that his name has become a household word in the City of Churches and scandals. His latest appearance was in the role of a defendant in Justice Kenna's court on Feb. 2. He had come to answer to a suit for the recovery of a piano, a piano-stool and a piano-cover brought against him by his two attractive daughters, Ellen F. and Lena Moseley.

The evidence brought out some strange facts of the domestic life of the Moseleys. The young ladies averred that the articles claimed had been presented to them on Christmas, 1881. They were forced to leave their father's house some months ago, they added, but he would not permit them to take their property with them. The doctor avowed that nothing but the piano-cover belonged to the complainants, and he had brought it with him to be turned over to them at once. As he spoke he threw the scarlet cloth into the lap of counsel for the two young ladies.

"Why did you have to leave your father?" asked the young ladies' counsel.

With bushing cheeks the elder of the two handsome maidens recited the unpleasant relations they had been obliged to sustain in their old home. The doctor acquired a fortune at his business, she said and after the death of his first wife he thought he could afford not only another spouse, but also a housekeeper. Mrs. Crosby was the lady who had been engaged to reside over the household affairs. Shortly after her installation trouble began between the doctor and his wife. As a result, they separated. Mrs. Moseley was given a competence, and Mrs. Crosby took her place at the head of the table.

Mrs. Moseley was quiet for a long time, but finally grew tired of her solitary lot, it was averred, and occasionally paid her husband a visit. On one occasion she found that the doctor and his housekeeper had gone to the theatre. She determined to follow them, and, doing so, overtook them as they were about to enter through the play-house doors.

The infuriated wife, it is alleged, drew a bunch of corset-steels from under her cloak and began belaboring the surprised couple.

Later, Mr. Moseley, it is said, threw pepper into Mrs. Crosby's eyes while she was out walking with the dentist. The doctor thought it wise to move to New Jersey. There, however, Mrs. Crosby was a victim to the persecutions of her Nemesis, and was so incensed in one instance that she fired a revolver in the face of the discarded wife. Matters assumed a very serious aspect about this time for Mrs. Crosby, as Mrs. Moseley made complaint against her for felonious assault.

"My dear, why should we continue to be ever thus separated?" said the doctor to his wife, having called upon her when he learned that she had obtained a warrant for Mrs. Crosby's arrest.

A reconciliation was thus singularly effected, and the doctor proposed a wedding trip in celebration of the event. In her happiness Mrs. Moseley forgot all about the day set for the hearing of her case against Mrs. Crosby, and it was dismissed.

Since both Mrs. Moseley and Mrs. Crosby have been residing with the doctor. This so incensed the daughters that they left the house.

A SANCTIMONIOUS SCAMP.

Two years ago there came to Minneapolis, Minn., a young man named Sam B. Moffit, who was then about twenty-five years of age. He hailed from Indianapolis and was the son of respectable parents. He soon entered the service of J. H. Kerrick & Co. as book-keeper, and being of a religious turn of mind, he lost no time in joining the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Here he built up a fine reputation for sanctity, and became a Sunday-school teacher. He gained access to the best society, made love to the gushing damsels of his acquaintance, and finally got engaged to a very estimable young lady who was one of the belles of the church. Everything went on nicely for some time, until his employers suspected that he was embezzling their money. Being convinced of his guilt, the firm discharged him, but refrained from prosecuting him on account of the respectability of his family, with whom Mr. Kerrick was acquainted. The amounts embezzled at various times aggregated about \$400. When discharged Sam commenced to borrow from his friends, became an extra good Christian, occupied a front pew in church, and attended the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, where he gave long disquisitions on morality and honesty. By thus acting he was able to borrow money from the brethren, and he was as happy as a clam. But a dark day was approaching for Sam. A prominent church official knew his hypocrisy, and told him in plain language to quit his pranks, and sever his connection with the temple of worship as quick as possible. Next morning at an early hour he left the city on an east-bound train, without shaking hands to his numerous creditors, or bidding farewell to the girl he left behind him. It is said he has changed his course and is now en route to the golden shores of the Pacific. Before leaving he sold his aunt's library to Babcock & Baldwin, loan agents, for \$110.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIVALVES.—No.

D. M., Boston, Mass.—No.

D. M., Baltimore, Md.—No.

M. J. D., Scranton, Pa.—No.

J. C. E., Newark, N. J.—Yes.

W. E. B., Houghton, Mich.—No.

A. Reader, Chicago, Ill.—He weighed 196 lbs.

M. F. S., Savannah, Ga.—We could find no such person.

J. W., Black River, Mich.—He was married last summer.

S. M., Chicago.—We have no record of such an execution.

J. L. S., Allentown, Pa.—We have not the measurements.

D. E. R., Fulton street, N. Y.—Thanks for matter mailed.

J. L. C., Eldred, Pa.—1. No. 2. It would be an impossible feat.

J. R. Washington, D. C.—Your letters received O. K. Thanks.

T. M. S., Indian town, N. S.—Edward Haulan was born in 1855.

M. V. S., Havana, N. Y.—We will publish your photo. Thanks.

Mack, Hartford, Conn.—In throwing poker-dice, aces beats sixes.

Wm. S. O'B., Indian River, Mich.—It has never yet been discovered.

M. S., Bordentown, N. J.—The population of London in 1881 was 3,614,571.

Chamley, Pittsburg, Pa.—It will hold between nine and ten thousand.

J. W. Charleston, Mass.—The cards must be bunched and dealt over.

J. H. and E. M., Helena Mount.—We have no record of such performances.

C. B. B., Keokuk, Iowa.—The stakeholder must return A and B their money.

J. M., Allentown.—Alice Jennings was playing at St. Louis at last advice.

J. A. W., Chester, Neb.—Send for American Hoyle, to this office, price \$2.

Metcalf, Coney Island.—B is entitled to two points if he takes five tricks.

J. McK. and H. M. D., Boston, Mass.—We could not entertain your proposition.

E. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Yes; according to the new edition of Hoyle they count.

M. F. M., Dunmore, Pa.—Billy Madden was born in Marylebone, London, England.

Mike Hanson, N. J.—1. Ninety pounds. Gus Hill's heaviest club weighs 115 lbs.

D. P. H., Rawlins, Wyoming.—Received portrait of Harry Smith and will use it.

J. A., Crescent City, Del Norte Co., Cal.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

M. S., Boston.—John C. Heenan died at Green Mountain Station, W. T., on Oct. 25, 1873.

J. S. B., St. Paul, Minn.—We could not find the scraps you sent; they must have been mislaid.

J. H. F., Allegheny, Pa.—All the events you name were published in the Police Gazette.

E. A. S., Oskosh, Wis.—Thanks for picture. We cannot use it. Send pictures of sporting men.

Collector, Hartford, Conn.—We have not the address of Frank Ware; the pugilist of Michigan.

M. D., New Haven, Conn.—John McMahon has contested in wrestling matches in your city.

S. J. A., Selma, Cal.—Send \$5 for billiard rules; it would require too much space to explain.

R. J., L'Anse, Mich.—A decoction of alum-water mixed with horse-radish juice and coppers.

L. W., Brodheadville, Monroe county, Pa.—Send for the "Life of John L. Sullivan" to this office.

Brooks, Lumberville, N. J.—Paddy Ryan kept a sporting house in Chatham square, New York.

L. C. F., Waterville, Minn.—No. 2 won the game, and No. 1 and No. 3 tied, neither having pocketed a ball.

J. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Ryan and Sullivan fought at Mississippi City, Miss., not at New Orleans, La.

Company D, Seventh Infantry, Fort Laramie.—Write to Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York city.

News Dealer, Brooklyn.—Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings is only returnable in New York and Brooklyn.

H. M., Holyoke, Mass.—1. No. 2. The Police Gazette can supply you with sporting goods, books, etc.

J. F. B., Carbonate, Pa.—Mitchell and Slade used small gloves when they fought at Madison Square Garden.

O. O. M., Yonkers, N. Y.—We cannot decide how much wealth Mackey, Gould, Flood and Vanderbilt possess.

J. S., Boston.—The Tipton Slasher's proper name was Wm. Perry. He stood 6 ft 4 in. and weighed 182 lbs.

Chas. T. S., Warren, Ohio.—James Fisk was shot in the Grand Central Hotel on Broadway, N. Y., on Jan. 6, 1872.

Cory Ice Boat, Philadelphia.—Jerry Dunn, of Chicago, shot James Elliott, the pugilist, at Chicago, March 1, 1883.

F. McC., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Pete McCoy is not your brother. He resides at Hoboken, N. J., and has several brothers.

D. S., Chicago, Ill.—George Hazael covered 600 miles 220 yards in a six-day race, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 27 to March 4, 1892.

P. H. B. R., Fayette, Delta county, Mich.—Write to the American News Company. They will forward you any books you require.

O. W. B., Maryland.—Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer fought at Rock Point, Maryland, Feb. 7, 1849. Hyer won. The stakes were \$10,000.

H. M., Boston.—Iroquois has won more races than Foxall. The latter has won 8 out of 12, while Iroquois has ran 23 times and won 12.

G. R., Brooklyn, E. D.—Join some amateur baseball club; if you can catch as you claim, there will be no trouble in you gaining a position.

M. S., Baltimore.—Longfellow won 13 out of 16 races. He beat Harry Bassett at Long Branch, and was beaten by Harry Bassett, at Saratoga, N. Y.

Constant Reader, Haverhill, Mass.—1. In New York. 2. No. 3. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," price, 30 cents.

M. S., Fort Hope.—Dwyer Bros. Hindoo, at three years old, won 18 out of 20 races, and Luke Blackburn 22 out of 24 races, when he was three years old.

Boney Sage, Middleton, Conn.—1. John L. Sullivan is twenty-five years of age. 2. Straightouts only. 3. Charley Mitchell is the champion pugilist of England.

M. W., Fort Chester, N. Y.—1. Tom Cribb, before his fight with Molyneux, weighed 238 lbs. 2. Cribb won the battle by being in better condition than Molyneux.

W. G., Boston.—Hial H. Stoddard is twenty-eight years of age, and was born in Oswego, N. Y. He stands 5 ft 11 1/4 in in height, and in condition weighs 195 lbs.

J. S., Bayfield, Wis.—1. Bill Poole was not a prize-fighter. 2. The battle between John Morrissey and Poole was a go-as-you-please affair and not a prize fight.

D. M., Hartford, Conn.—Ten Brock's four-mile running time is the best on record, and B wins. The time is 7:15 1/4, made on the Louisville, Ky., track, Sept. 27, 1876.

J. H. and J. M., Beaver Falls, Pa.—Have lives of both published in book form, price, in lots of 100, 10 cents per copy net. Will furnish 100 copies Queensberry rules free.

J. K., Pittsburg, Pa.—No; they never boxed together. Al. Smith tried to arrange a meeting between Jim Mack and Sullivan, but the former would not meet Sullivan.

W. L. Dumas.—Wm. Lang's fastest time for 1 mile is 4m 17 1/4, made in a dead heat with Bill Richards, at Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, England, Aug. 18, 1865.

H. C., Salt Lake.—Organize a club if you desire to do so. The London prize ring rules are published in our sporting books, which will be mailed you on receipt of regular order.

J. M., Culpepper, Va.—1. Bill England is twenty-nine years of age; stands 5 ft 10 1/2 in in height. 2. He is supposed to be the best pugilist in England outside of Charley Mitchell.

J. L. B., Moss Point, Miss.—1. The Police Gazette will be mailed to you on receipt of \$1 for one year, or \$2 for six months.

2. No. 3. Sullivan and Slade never fought as opponents.

J. M., Latonia Springs, Ky.—A wins. Hindoo won more races

when he was three years old than Tom Bowling won while he was on the turf. Tom Bowling won 14 out of 17. Hindoo won 18.

W. G., Olean, N. Y.—1. Prof. Wm. Miller and Paddy Ryan boxed with blackened gloves at Irving Hall in this city April 29, 1879. 2. No; he never had his arm broken in a contest with Steve Taylor.

M. H., Kansas City.—James Heenan and Timothy Heenan were John C. Heenan's brothers. James Heenan died at Chicago, Ill., March 13, 1865. It was Tim Heenan that was killed at Philadelphia.

D. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Maurice Vignaux was born in Is-mathan, France. He is thirty-nine years of age, stands 6 ft in height and weighs 200 lbs. 2. It would occupy too much space to record all his victories.

C. H. B., Washington, D. C.—1. A champion must always accept all challenges and defend the title which he holds. 2. John L. Sullivan has publicly announced that he will not engage in another prize ring contest.

M. J., Chicago, Ill.—1. The Irish champions published in a certain sporting paper are neither authentic nor reliable. 2. We have no time to correct such balderdash. Dan Donnelly was never champion of England.

A New Susquehanna, Philadelphia.—1. Sullivan and Ryan fought on Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Miss. 2. Send on 30 cents, and we will mail you the "Life of John L. Sullivan," which contains a full report of the fight.

B. S., Trenton, N. J.—The Sheffield Handicap, run on July 1882, was won by W. Broadbent, of Oldham, who had 78 1/2 yards start. F. Payley, 79 1/2 yards start, was second. The distance was 202 yards, and George Getley was scratch man.

A. E. M., Centerville, Oregon.—1. John L. Sullivan stands 5 ft 10 1/4 in in height, and weighs in condition 190 lbs. 2. Paddy Ryan stands 6 ft 3/4 in. and weighs 220 lbs. He was born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853.

T. O., Philadelphia.—1. The fastest time on record for running 1 mile down hill is 4m 2 1/2, by Wm. Lang, at Newmarket. 2. The fastest time on record for 1 mile level is 4m 16 1/2, made by Wm. Cummings, at Preston, England, May 14, 1861.

G. O. S., Cheyenne, Wyoming.—1. Only one regular depot. 2. Paddy Ryan was living in Albany, N. Y. 3. The river that divides Brooklyn from New York is the East river, while the North river runs between New York and New Jersey.

M. C., Albany, N. Y.—1. Josh Hudson did beat Jim Ward in November, 1853. 2. The battle was fought at Mosey Hurst. 3. Fifteen rounds were fought in 35m. Ward was beaten from the waist to the thigh so severely as to resemble nothing human.

D. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—George Schillman, of Philadelphia, when he defeated George A. Beach, opened 500 oysters in 54m 10s, which was the best performance on record until John Leeds, of Trenton, N. J., on Feb. 6, 1884, opened 500 in 23m 30s, in a match with Frank Cabine.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—1. Belle, weight and age unknown, on July 3, 1880, ran 440 yards in 21 1/4s. The time, however, is not considered official. 2. Jim Renwick, five years old, with 115 lbs. up, on Nov. 3, 1883, ran 1/4 of a mile in 1m 30s. The performance is the fastest on record.

S. W., San Jose, Cal.—1. Joe Holmes, the "Spider," stood 5 ft 2 1/4 in in height. 2. Jack Randall was born in London, Nov. 25, 1874. 3. He stood 5 ft 6 in. and weighed 146 lbs. 4. Jack Langan was born in County Kildare, Ireland. He stood 5 ft 10 in in height, and weighed 174 lbs.

A. H., Columbus, Ohio.—1. It was on July 23, 1860, that Paddy Gill, of Coventry, killed Tom Griffiths in a prize ring encounter at Frimley Green. 2. The pugilists fought 105m; 53 rounds were fought when Gill struck Griffiths a sweeping blow, with his right knocking him out of time forever.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Pete McCoy is not the middle-weight champion. 3. Pete McCoy has been matched to fight D. McDonald, of Butte, Montana, for \$2,500 a side, May 15. The Sullivan combination is behind McCoy, and the Olympic Club, of Butte, has deposited the \$500 forfeit for McDonald.

J. W., Chicago, Ill.—There is no business manager now connected with the Police Gazette. Richard K. Fox is sole proprietor and is his own business manager. All letters and communications must be addressed to Richard K. Fox, proprietor Police Gazette, corner Franklin Square and Dover street.

M. H. S., Freeland, Pa.—1. The sketches entitled, "The Prize Ring Champions," published in the paper you allude to, are neither authentic nor correct. 2. Simon Byrne killed Alec McKay in the ring. 3. The battle was fought in Selcey Forest, Northamptonshire, June 2, 1830. Forty-seven rounds were fought in 53m. Byrne was tried for manslaughter, and acquitted.

M. S., Honesdale, Pa.—1. Richard Pennell. 2. At San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 29, 1883, George M. Robinson, of the Olympic Club, beat the best on record for elevating or pushing a fifty-pound dumb-bell. He put up the bell 80 times without a rest; but the referee counted 80 and the outsiders 79, and it was decided that the latter performance should constitute a record. On Nov. 28, 1875, he put a fifty-pound dumb-bell 58 times, which was the best on record until Breed, at Lynn, Mass., put up a fifty-pound bell 60 times and beat the record.

J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—Jem, better known as Deaf Burke, and Simon Byrne fought at Noman's Land, Hertfordshire, England, on May 30, 1833. Byrne's backers were Jim Ward, Tom Spring and Ned Neale, who found his stakes, 2100. Ninety-nine rounds were fought in 3h and 6m, and at the conclusion, Burke was proclaimed the champion of England. Byrne felt utterly senseless at the end of the fight, and was incapable of being lifted again on his legs. Burke was also terribly punished and in the last stage of exhaustion. Both pugilists were put to bed, but Byrne had to be held, and he died from the effects of the punishment he had received.

M. J., Boston.—Corcoran, the baseball pitcher, demanded a large salary from the Chicago Club, hoping, according to his own explanation of affairs, to obtain his release, that he might play with any club which would tickle his vanity by offering him large figures. At the very time he was to accede to the wishes of the Chicago Club by signing a contract which he had ordered forwarded to him, the manager of an opposition club out of the League approached Corcoran, and by the payment of a good round sum in advance, and the promise of a much better salary than his old club offered him, Corcoran accepted. The Chicago Club threatened to have him expelled, and he returned to the Chicago and signed for 1884.

A. Reader.—There is no such mare as Cora, by Harry Todd, registered in any of the stud books or racing guides. There is record of a mare named Cora having run at Kansas City in the colors of Mr. A. Updegraff, Sept. 15 and 17, 1881, but no pedigree is attached, though it is possible she is the mare in question. It would be as well if you could ascertain whether the mare's name has ever been changed. There is record of a bay mare called Kathleen B., foaled in 1878 by Harry Todd, from Maggie Bruce, by Lexington, which we think is the identical mare. Harry Todd was a chestnut, foaled 1870, by Planet from Elkhoma, by Lexington; second dam, Glencond, by Glencoe; third dam by Envoy; fourth dam, Mary Morris, by Modoc, etc.

S. M., Leadville, Col.—1. No. 2. The following is the correct dates and statistics: The 3,000-point billiard match between Wm. H. Catton, of St. Louis, and Eugene Carter, of Cleveland, Ohio, began at the Turf Exchange, St. Louis, Jan. 29, and continued on Jan. 30 and 31. One thousand points were played each night, and the stakes were \$1,000. On Jan. 29, the first night's play ended: Catton, 1,000; Carter, 696. Catton ran out with a score of 170. The innings were 35. Catton's biggest runs were 134, 217, 294 and 170. Carter's, 231, 90 and 212. Catton's average was 28 20-35; Carter's, 19 31-35. On the second night Catton ran out in his twenty-first inning, Carter having 710 points for the night and 1,406 for the two nights. On the third night Catton won the game by 595 points, and his average for the three nights, 48 24-62; highest runs, 247, 118, 506, 438, 464. Carter, 1,500; average for the three nights, 24 27-62; highest runs, 115, 106, 113, 292, 66.

A. W., Highland, Wis.—1. Wm. Sheriff was born in England and not in Germany. He arrived in this country on June 30, 1883. 2. Sheriff was born in August, 1847; his height is 5 ft 5 1/2 in. and weight 11 stone 2 lbs. He first entered the ring in 1857, beating J. Barrow, of Leicester, in 15 rounds, occupying 1h. A year later he defeated J. Marshall in 30m. In 1860 he defeated Fred. Orion, of Leicester, in 35m. In 1861 he met George Orion. It was an up-hill fight for the Prussian, but was not finished, the police interfering after the fight had gone on for 3h. He did not appear in the ring again until eleven years later, in 1873, when he fought another member of the Orion family—Jack. Sheriff won easily in 35m. Six years later—in 1878—he undertook to beat Badger Brown in 20m, but the authorities prevented the fight. He next fought Denny Harrington. The constabulary interfered after the fight had been in progress 43m. After much wrangling the stakes were awarded to Sheriff, Harrington declining a second meeting.

George C. Miln.

It has long been the custom of played-out actors when fortune frowns on them to adopt the pulpit or the temperance platform in order to raise the wind. But now we have in the person of Mr. Miln, a clergyman, formerly a pastor of two large churches, one on Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, and the other on Madison street, Chicago, the former a Presbyterian and the latter a Unitarian, coming out upon the dramatic stage as a tragedian, and playing the Shakespearean roles of Edwin Booth, Barrett, and other prominent actors. His conception of *Hamlet* in sable tights and short black jacket, showing his form to advantage, is said to be eminently virtuous. In his reading he copies Henry Irving, and rather poorly too. His strut and roaming style of declamation recall the days of the old Bowery — when blood-and-thunder dramas were popular. However, this preacher-player is young and handsome enough to learn to tame his fiery manner on the stage. And if success be his, we may look for a general stampede from the church pulpits to the theatrical boards. Henry Ward Beecher is one of Mr. Miln's admirers, and this has perhaps given rise to the report that he is considering some dramatic roles himself.

A Thin-Skinned Georgian.

Mr. Stephen A. Ryan, son of John Ryan, a millionaire drygoods dealer, accompanied by Mr. James Lynch, wholesale stationer, entered the office of the *Georgia Cracker*, at Atlanta, Ga., on the morning of Feb. 18. Ryan struck J. H. Moser, artist of the concern, over the head with a cane. Moser fell, exclaiming that his arm was broken. At this juncture Mr. Ramsdell, one of the partners, entered and took the cane from Ryan. Lynch then grappled Ramsdell and demanded fair play. Moser, on rising, drew a pistol, but was commanded by Lynch to put it up, which he did. The affair spread to the streets, and the office was soon filled by parties who separated the

combatants. The assault grew out of a peculiar society trouble, in which a certain element tried to exclude Ryan from its pleasures. Some time ago Ryan, who is the wealthiest young

man in the city, became of age. His name was proposed for membership in the Capitol City Club, and was blackballed. A second and third time it is said, this was repeated, with the

same result. Six weeks ago he gave a theatre party to a leading society belle of Atlanta, the elegance and elaborateness of which gave great offense to persons whose means did not permit them to compete. A week afterward a number of leading ladies met in the Peach Tree Mansion to arrange for a leap year party, and when the name of Mr. Ryan was reached as one of the persons to be invited, a ballot was proposed, and he was blackballed. Ryan then demanded satisfaction of the husband of one of the ladies, who was supposed to be responsible, but an explanation smoothed the matter over. The *Georgia Cracker*, a comic paper, which has attracted much attention of late, came out on the morning of Feb. 18 with a big cartoon representing a man sprawling on the ground with two blackballs weighing him down, and other features, casting ridicule upon Ryan and his friend Lynch. Ryan and Lynch immediately went up to the *Cracker* office, with the result stated. The affair is the absorbing topic of society.

Death of the Belle of St. Louis.

Mrs. Frederick W. Paramore, at one time known as Nellie Hazeltine, the belle of St. Louis, died in her twenty-fifth year, at St. Louis, on Feb. 21. When a girl of twenty she visited the Eastern watering-places, and it was during that trip that rumor said Samuel J. Tilden had fallen in love with her. Dec. 2, 1881, she married Mr. F. W. Paramore, son of Col. J. W. Paramore, President of the Texas and St. Louis Railway. From the date of her marriage she lived quietly with her husband, but nevertheless indulged in many social entertainments. She was quite successful as an amateur actress. She was very intelligent and possessed many accomplishments. As a conversationalist she was particularly impressive. A son was born on St. Valentine's Day. Two days later she sent out cards for a reception. She overrated her strength and puerperal fever followed, resulting in her death.

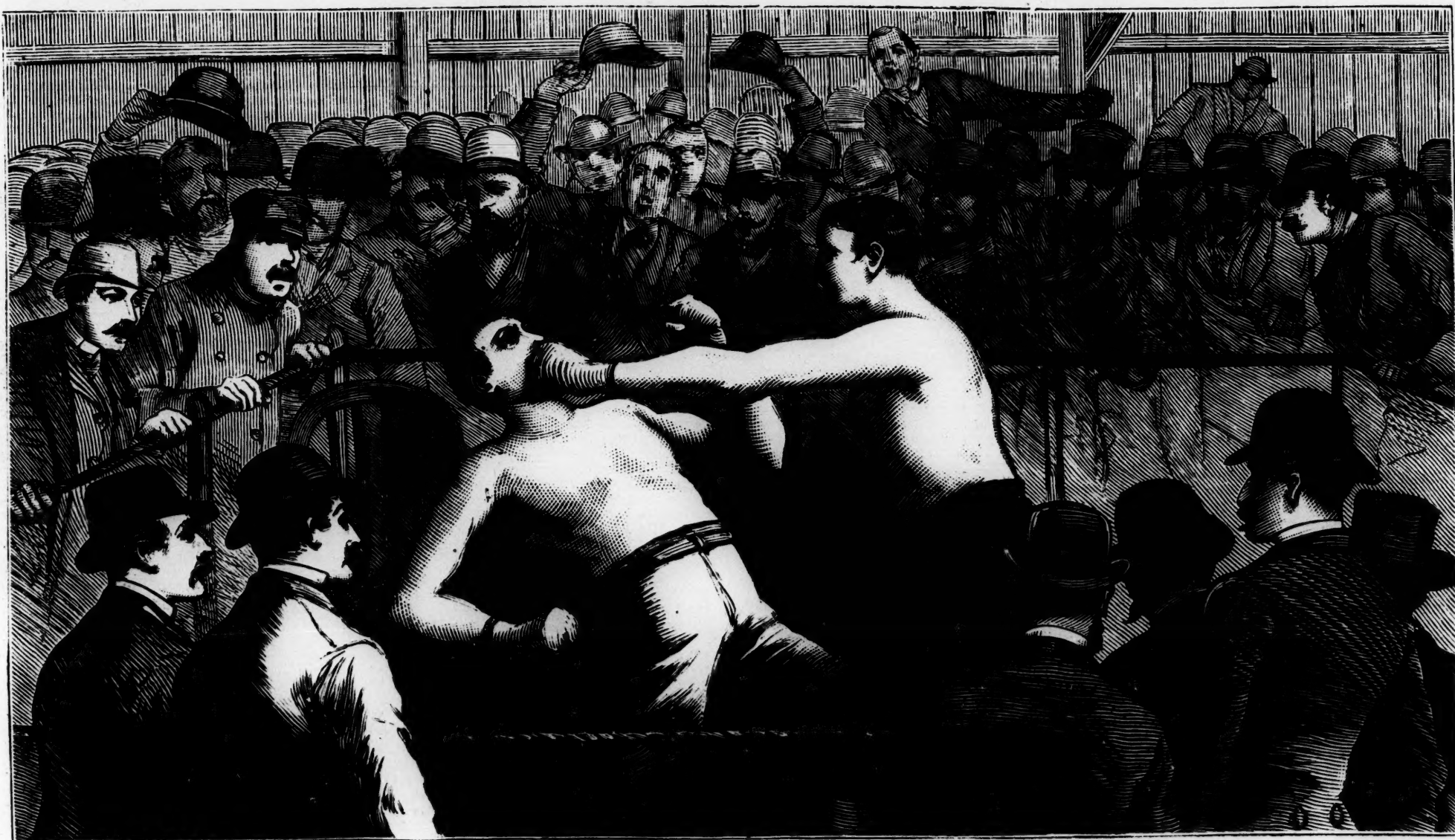


THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

GEORGE C. MILN.

THE PREACHER PLAYER, WHO BELIEVES HE CAN TEACH MORALS FROM THE STAGE AS WELL AS FROM THE PULPIT.

[Photo by Gehrig Chicago.]

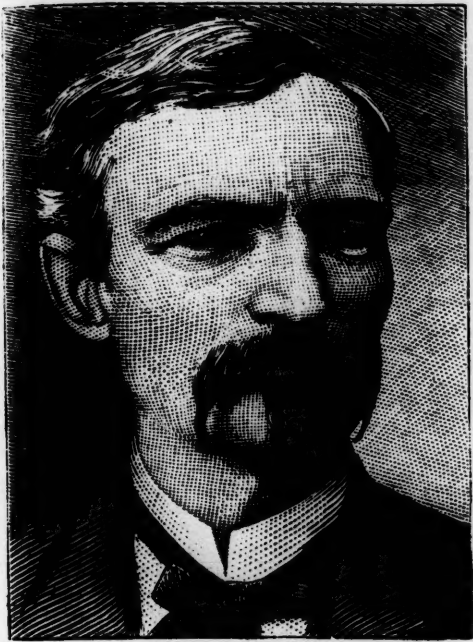


THE HENRY-MURRAY FIGHT.

THE LIVELY GLOVE CONTEST AT PELHAM BRIDGE, N. Y., ON FEB. 20, WHICH WAS FOUGHT TO A CLOSE, BUT LED TO THE ARREST OF THE PUGILISTS.

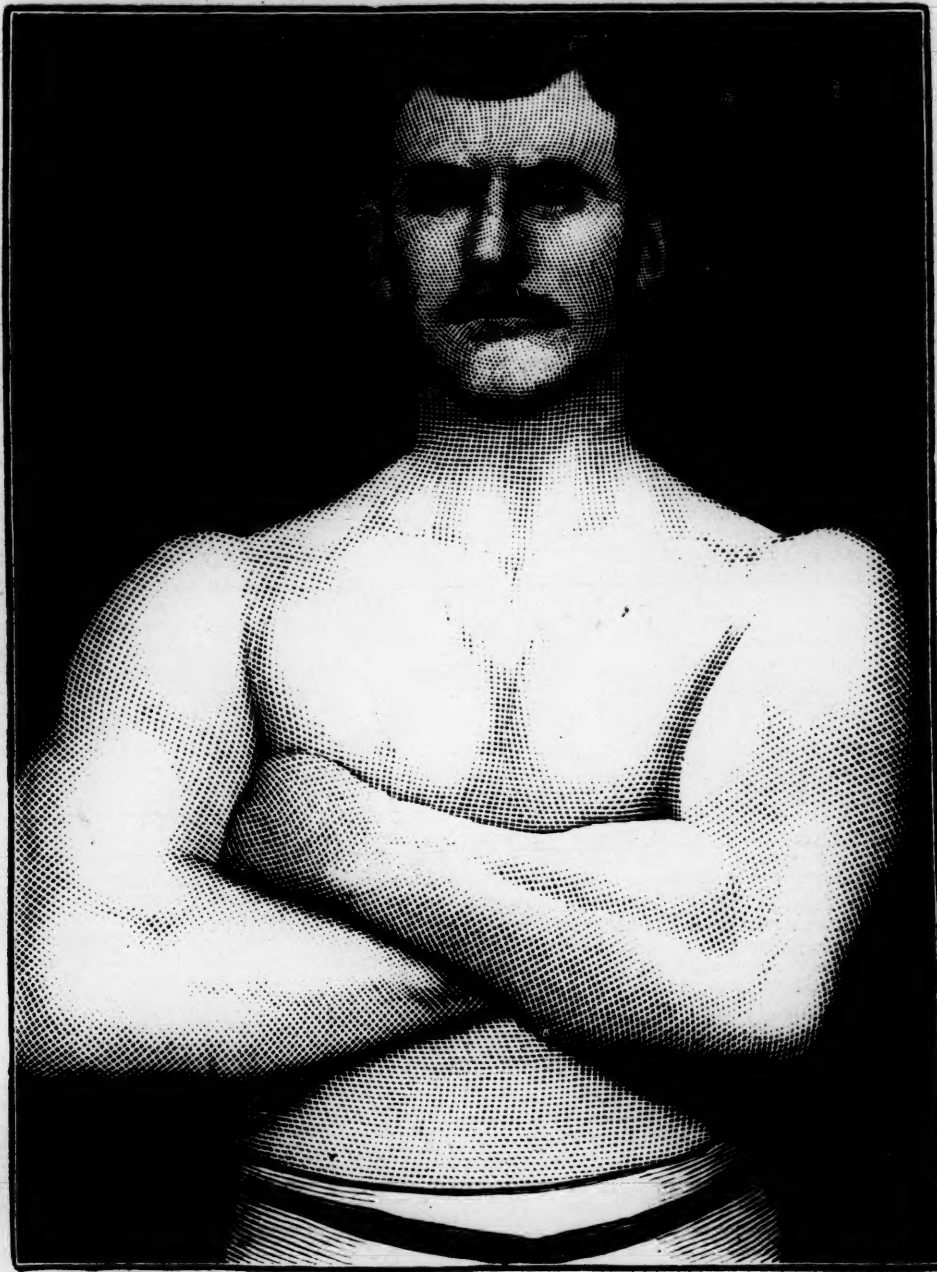
Ernst Roeber.

Among the amateur Græco-Roman wrestlers who have come prominently before the public during the two years just passed, none have made the rapid progress that Mr. Ernst Roeber, whose portrait we present this week, has. Mr. Roeber was born in Hanover, Germany, Sept. 18, 1862, and came to this country with his parents in 1870, and since then has resided in New York city. His father was a man endowed with

**L. B. ARKWRIGHT,**

OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, ONE OF THE NOTED WING-SHOTS OF THE WEST.

unusual strength, and it was while giving an exhibition of it that he received injuries that resulted in his death. Young Roeber, being blessed with a strong constitution and a fair proportion of his father's great strength, it was only natural that he should become interested in athletic sports. Becoming a member of the Young Elks' Variety Combination and Lafayette Athletic Club, he had plenty of opportunities to improve himself in wrestling, a sport his strength well adapted him for, and it was

**DAVID MICHAUD,**

OF HOLYOKE, MASS., KNOWN AS THE AMERICAN SAMPSON.

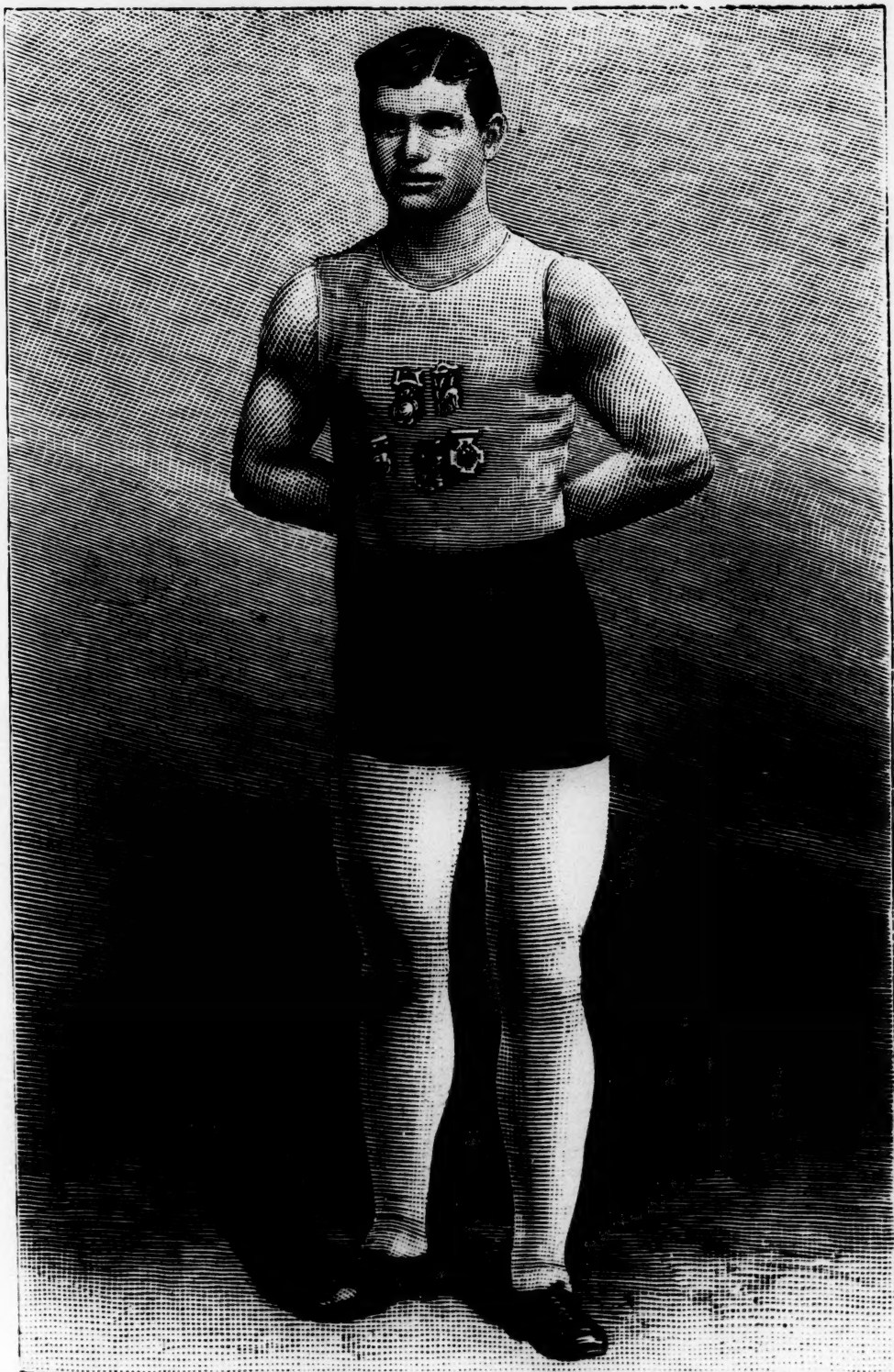
[Photo by John Wood.]

at a benefit under the auspices of the former association eighteen months ago, that he made his debut as a wrestler, his opponent being Mr. Herman Weisner. A match with an Unknown, Mike Hass, and another with Mr. Weisner soon followed. Then came the toughest of all—his match with Mr. Herbert, the amateur champion of the United States, who then held the POLICE GAZETTE emblem. The match took place at Turn Hall, Sept. 1, 1883, and was for a handsome gold medal presented by the

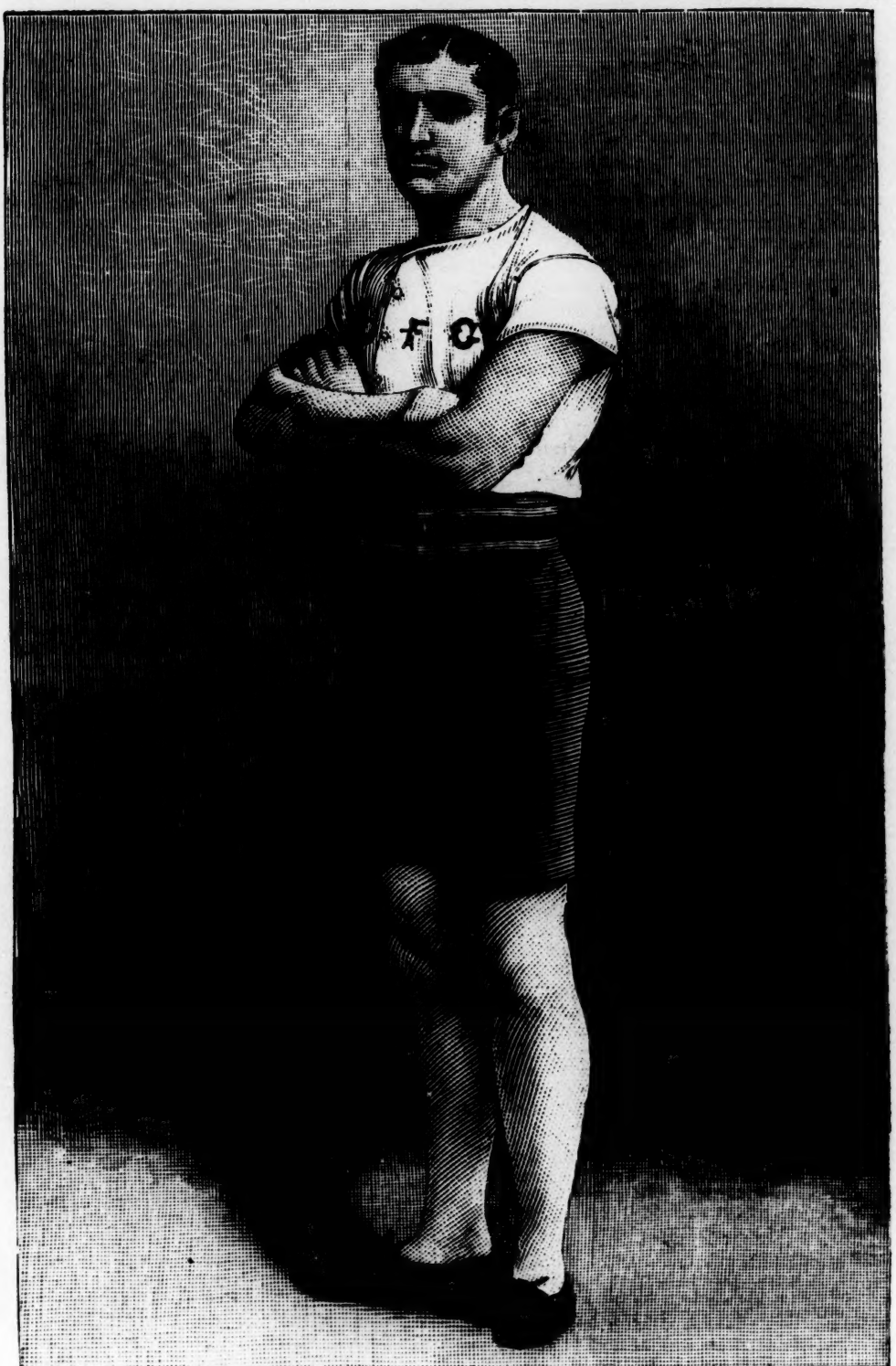
**WILLIAM DERSHELEY,**

OF PEORIA, ILL., A WRESTLER WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET THE CHAMPIONS.

Young Elks' Variety Combination. Mr. Wm. E. Harding acted as referee. After wrestling an hour without either gaining a fall, a rest was taken, after which wrestling was continued for 30 minutes, when, neither contestant gaining a fall, the match was declared a draw. Mr. Roeber was afterward awarded the medal, Mr. Herbert refusing to meet him. Mr. Roeber is now matched to wrestle Young Bibby, and the match will take place at Germania Assembly Rooms, Monday evening, March 24, 1884.

**ERNST ROEBER,**

THE WONDERFUL YOUNG GERMAN WRESTLER.

**CHARLES F. GRAULICH,**

THE NOTED RUNNER OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN

[Photo by John Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

COMPTON BOY, the noted trotter, dropped dead at Quebec recently.

On Feb. 17, Edward Hanlan sailed in the City of Sydney, for Australia.

MAJOLICA, 2:17, is doing well. He was fired three months ago, and is going sound.

The get of Virgil won \$12,511 in purses last season, thirty-one starting in 264 races.

O. A. HICKOK, who is now in San Francisco, will come East with his stable in April.

STOVAL has been engaged to ride Gen. Harding in his stake races this season.

BILLY BARKER, a horse bred in Oregon, trotted in 2:29½ at Oakland, Cal., on Jan. 12.

REUBEN WOOD, the famous fly-catcher, died of heart disease, Feb. 16, at Syracuse, N. Y.

On Feb. 16 Slosson, in an eight-inch balk-line game of 600 points on a 5x10 table, ran 365.

TOM CLARKE had a good benefit at Arthur Chambers', Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 11.

The glove fight at Leadville, between Jack Brady and "Bully" Reynolds, was won by Brady.

FRANK MAGGIOLI, the noted billiard-player, has arrived in St. Louis, and intends to play Catton.

M. J. KERNAN and **S. C. BITTLE**, Canadian middle weights, are to fight with gloves at Toronto.

MERVINE THOMPSON and **Jack Stewart** are to meet again for \$200 a side, in London, Ont., Feb. 23.

GEORGE JUDD, pedigree unknown, 2:24½, is dead. He made his record in 1876 at Lexington, Ky.

H. LEAVITT's "Police Gazette" Shades sporting house was swept away on Feb. 21, by the big flood.

GUS CARRUTHERS and **James Quirk**, the Canadian sprint runners, are to run 100 yards for \$2,000.

MULDOON, the wrestler, at last advices was giving exhibitions of classic statuary in Portland, Oregon.

J. W. RABY, of Elland, Eng., offers to walk any man in the world from 1 to 50 miles, for from \$250 to \$500 a side.

PROF. WM. C. McCLELLAN is teaching boxing at his gymnasium, corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue.

A GENTLEMAN of New York offers to put up \$2,500 for John H. Clark to meet Arthur Chambers in a glove contest.

A FOUR-OARED shell race is to be arranged between the Shawmut four, of Boston, and the Queen City four, of Buffalo.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS offers to match the "Prussian" to fight any one to a finish, Queensberry rules, weight unlimited.

TRINKET, Santa Claus, Overman, Edwin Thorne, Dick Organ and Cresco will be in J. H. Turner's string the coming season.

O. E. POOLER, of Cleveland, and **L. L. Burton** are matched to wrestle collar-and-elbow, for \$200, at Cleveland, Ohio, on March 4.

At Galt, Canada, on Feb. 16, Wm. J. Dawson defeated five contestants in a five-mile skating race, covering the distance in 21m 30s.

EDWARD SULLIVAN, who was pitcher for the Neshannock Club of Newcastle, Pa., was recently run over by a freight train and killed, at Pittsburg.

THERE is a probability that Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, and Sheriff, the Prussian, will be matched in a few days for a \$1,000-a-side glove fight.

SANDY SPENCER was liberated from Blackwell's Island, N. Y., on Feb. 14, where he had been sentenced for one month for violating the excise law.

At Troy, Feb. 15, there was a bare first fight in a shed, between two young men named Ryan and Lyman, lasting over an hour. It was declared a draw.

In March next an international billiard tournament will come off in Paris for the championship of the world and prizes of 10,000, 5,000 and 2,000 francs.

At Victoria, B. C., Pete McCoy, of the Sullivan combination, fought a desperate glove fight with Jack O'Brien, the alleged champion of British Columbia.

JIM MORIARTY, the Toronto pugilist, was recently conquered in an eight-round glove contest, by Mark Checkley, the lion tamer, at Albert Hall, Toronto.

In the weekly shooting match of the Scheutzen Corps of Boston, at Oak Island, Feb. 16, C. M. Geuth won the membership badge match, scoring 47 out of 50.

FRED. W. STONE, the sprint runner, is in New Orleans, La. It looks as if the sprinters are going to lay siege on the pockets of the sporting men of the Crescent City.

"KNAPSACK" McCarthy's string for next season will consist of Rolla, 2:27½; Zoe B., 2:20½; Jewett, 2:22½; Dumont, Bonsetter, Jr., W. H. Southam and Billy Clinker.

LORD ELLESMERE and **D. A. Long** have decided to remove most of their horses from the care of Charles Archer, and to place them under the charge of Matthew Dawson.

The John L. Sullivan Sparring Combination returned North to Pueblo, Col., on Feb. 20. At the exhibition Sullivan could not spar because of a strain sustained in jumping.

CHARLEY ROWELL says the POLICE GAZETTE building is a sporting palace, and that he never saw anything of the kind before. He called with Tom Davis on the 16th inst.

WM. EDWARDS, the champion long-distance pedestrian of New South Wales, has arrived in San Francisco, and issued a challenge to walk six days against any pedestrian.

ED. H. GILMAN, the noted sporting man of Detroit, is final stakeholder and referee in the forthcoming collar and elbow wrestling match between H. M. Dufur and Col. J. H. McLaughlin, for \$1,000.

PROF. WILLIAM MILLER will arrive in San Francisco about March 6, and will bet Sullivan \$2,500 that the latter cannot stop him or knock him out in 3 six-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

We had a call from Prof. C. P. Blatt, the champion man-fish, who has stopped under water 4m 11½s, the longest time on record. Blatt offers to bet \$500 he can remain longer under water than any man living.

The sixty-yard foot-race between A. Allen, of Galveston, and A. J. Johnson, of Houston, for \$1,000, was decided recently at Galveston, and won by Allen.

The race was run on the beach, and over \$3,000 changed hands.

The Pastime Athletic Club will give an athletic entertainment at Parepa Hall, on Saturday evening, March 8. The programme will consist of boxing, wrestling, club swinging, horizontal bar exercises and fencing.

BENDOFF, the noted London middle weight, met the Galveston Unknown at the Old House in the New Home, on the 13th inst., and knocked him out in 2 rounds. The contest was for a purse offered by Bernard Maguire.

It is said that it is now too late to enter into arrangements for an international rifle match, either civil or military, and as no steps have been taken on either side of the Atlantic, there will probably be no match this year.

CHARLES REYNOLDS, a colored sculler, has made the fastest time over the Parametta river champion course at Sydney, 3 miles and 330 yards straight-away, ever rowed. His time was 20m 4s. The best previous time was 20m 44s.

If the manager of the coming six-day race gives Wm. B. Curtis full control of judges' scorers and appoints him the referee, the pedestrians will be satisfied and the affair properly managed at 50 per cent less than it was ever run before.

The brown gelding, Great Eastern, record 2:18, owned by John Fox, of Pearsalls, R. I., is matched to trot Gabe Case's bay gelding, Big Fellow, by Edward Everett, record 2:23½, in June next, for \$1,000 a side. Each of the horses is 17 hands high.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Leadville says Mike Murphy can't yet understand how Mitchell knocked him out so quickly. He is thinking of giving a benefit, and will offer Mitchell \$50 to make the wind up just to solve the problem.

FROM all accounts it is thought in sporting circles that six-day go-as-you-please contests, for the present at least, are among the things that were. The prospects for the one now projected in April, at the Madison Square Garden, are most discouraging.

The once famous Alaska Baseball Club of New York has been reorganized. The team for 1884 will be, Corcoran, pitcher; Dungan, catcher; Wilmot, Farrell, Gussie on the bases; Brecher and McFarland, change catcher and pitcher, and Dolan, short-stop.

The b. g. Chicago, record 2:24½, at one time called Jim Rocky, after the trainer and driver by that name, whom Mike Cavanaugh, of Cincinnati, brought into prominence some years ago, recently trotted a race at Oakland, Cal. He is twenty-five years old.

BILLY LYNN, formerly of Colorado, but now of Butte City, Montana, fought Tom Smith, of St. Louis, on Jan. 24, outside of Sacramento, Cal., and won in 92 rounds. Lynn fought under the name of Stall. It is said that Lynn was as game as a rock and as quick as a cat.

RECENTLY at Bridgeport, Conn., there was a shooting contest for the championship of the State. Teams of four men from Bridgeport, New Haven, Wallingford, Meriden and Winsted participated. The Wallingford Club were the victors by a score of 76 out of a possible 100.

On Feb. 19 Harry Hill had a grand electric-light ball. It was a grand affair, and his theatre, which is now illuminated with electric lights, was packed. It is understood the engine and apparatus cost \$5,000. The affair was well attended and nearly all the sporting fraternity were present.

It now transpires that John L. Sullivan knocked out Lang, the lumberman, at Seattle, W. T., in 7s. Sullivan is continually knocking out so many ambitious boxers, and in such short order, that after awhile it will be an open question of how long it will take him to put his victims to sleep.

JOHNSON, the sprint runner, recently visited New Orleans and tried to make a match with Harry Simpson, a colored sprinter from Chicago. He passed under the name of Hollar, but when Mike Lawler, Simpson's backer, learned it was Johnson, he would not match his man for the amount desired.

THOMAS R. KEATOR has given a hundred-dollar cup to be awarded to the contestant showing the most science in boxing at the amateur championship competitions which take place at Tammany Hall on the evening of March 1. The judges of boxing will be Messrs. John S. Scott, A. V. de Golcouria and James L. Gladwin.

The day is not distant when even at our own regattas the line between the professional and the amateur will be more sharply drawn than now, and they might have added the professionals would be the winners in public estimation as the greatest hippodromists that ever cursed professional rowing graduated from the ranks of the amateurs.

A TRENTON special says: "Pat. Scullion, of this city, is anxious to meet Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, in the ring. He says McCaffrey has only a newspaper reputation, and cannot stand against him with bare knuckles for half an hour. He will fight the Pittsburger, and is prepared to put up at any time that backing for McCaffrey is forthcoming."

The cocking main for \$1,000 a side between birds owned and bred by James Dugrey, of Mechanicville, on the one side, and by a well-known Trojan on the other, was fought at a well-known resort between Troy and Schenectady, on Feb. 21. Of the fifteen birds shown, nine between 4 lbs 4 oz and 5 lbs 10 oz, fell in. The main resulted 5 to 3 in favor of Dugrey.

At Horticultural Hall, Boston, recently, John Crahan, of Milford, and Walter Dufur, of Marlboro, contested in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match for a purse of \$200 and the gate money. Crahan won the first fall and Dufur the last two. Dufur is a son of H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., and is a very scientific and strong wrestler. The match lasted about an hour and a half.

On Feb. 16, John Hughes, the famous six-day pedestrian, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and authorized Richard K. Fox to state that he would not engage in any more sweepstake races, but that he will arrange a match to run either Charles Rowell or Patrick Fitzgerald, single-handed, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, and allow either two hours' start, the winner to take all the gate money.

At the fifteen-ball pool tournament at Syracuse, N. Y., it was generally conceded that Frey did the finest playing. He led with the first three games. Malone's left hand, which was sprained a few days ago, bothered him considerably. It swelled to nearly twice its natural size between the thumb and forefinger. Frey won the first prize, Malone second, Sutton third, Leonard fourth, and King the fifth.

The London Sporting Life continues to publish the bundle of lies sent over weekly by its New York correspondent. This same correspondent is well known, both in England and America, for his envious, ill-natured disposition, and anything he may write will have little effect upon the athletic world, either here or in England. His last attack upon

Myers and the Manhattan Athletic Club is decidedly puerile.

It having come to the ears of Green Morris that a match was contemplated between Corrigan's Harry White and Haggins Tyrant, for \$10,000 a side, he would like to have the contest take a triangular shape. He says he will enter one of his high-priced Ten broek two-year-olds against the two named, the distance to be five-eighths of a mile, or he is willing to have the affair take the form of an open sweepstake, \$5,000 a corner, eligible for any two-year-old in America.

ISAAC G. HAMILTON, of South Norwalk, Conn., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 22, and on behalf of his brother, James Hamilton, covered the forfeit deposited by John C. Hoagland, of Newark, N. J., who recently challenged Hamilton to play a game of fifteen-ball pool for \$100 a side. Hamilton will meet Hoagland and his backers one week from Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1884, to sign articles. We now hold \$25 a side on behalf of the match.

The trip of the American Athletic Quartet to England will not amount to anything. All competitors will find plenty of athletes in England to give them the go-by. Murray may do something remarkable in the walking line, and Myers may be able to defeat George, but it is our opinion they will be beaten twice for every victory gained; anyway, they will not receive fair play at the hands of their jealous rivals. Myers is well aware of this fact.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the wrestler, was before Notary Hall, last week, on a citation to be examined regarding his financial status and ability to pay the judgment obtained against him by Supervisor Lewis for rent of the "Long Branch," in Alameda. Twice the wrestler's effects were attached, but in neither instance was the judgment satisfied, and last week, rather than be put on oath regarding his assets and liabilities, he paid the balance due.

Two of the wrestling jugglers of the Græco-Roman order still pursue their calling at New Orleans, where the tables are turned to meet the demands of the box office. In December Andre Christol threw Charles Bixamos. On Jan. 10 the result was in favor of Bixamos, but on the 30th of the same month Christol was on top. As long as the people of New Orleans stand this sort of thing there is no possibility of the jugglers letting go their hold.

At Erb's Grounds, Newark, N. J., on Feb. 21, there were two pigeon shooting matches. The first was the return match between Samuel Castles, of Newark, and Henry Sigler, of Little Falls, at 25 birds each, for \$200 a side. The match resulted in a tie, they killing 19 each. The second match was for \$200, between John Ryan, of Montclair, and John Dugan, of Newark, 20 birds each. The match was won by Ryan, he having killed 10 to the other's 7.

J. J. COOGAN, of this city, has presented a silver trophy, 5 feet high, typical of Ireland in the days of her freedom, for competition by Irish-American riflemen. The rifle corps of the Sixty-ninth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and the Rifle Club, of New Haven, Conn., are made custodians of the prize, which will be first shot for at Creedmoor in June next at 200 and 500 yards, military rifles; the trophy to become the property in fee of the organization winning it three times in succession.

PETER REILLEY, the young and well-known sport, has concluded to buy pools and books on commission at the different tracks. It will help his friends considerably, they not being able to attend at all times, and, besides, his information on horses is much sought after. To our knowledge last year he captured several English races, including the Lincolnshire Handicap, Grand National, Earl Spencer Plate, Great Northamptonshire, Newmarket, City and Suburban, Two Thousand, Chester Cup, etc.

THERE was a slashing dog fight at Hessville, Ind., on Feb. 12, between Paddy, a dark yellow dog, weighing 44 lbs, owned by Jerry Breville, and Jack, a white dog, weighing 37 lbs, better known as "the long-eared dog," owned by Sam Brezer. Both canines belong in Chicago, and fought for \$1,000. Con Feeley handled Paddy, while Brezer handled his own dog. The fight, which lasted 53m, was a fiercely-contested one, about \$1,000 changing hands on the result. Jack won, leaving Paddy a mass of torn, bruised and bleeding dog-flesh.

The great bowling tournament for the championship of America ended on Feb. 11 at Charles Eismann's Bowling Alley, in the Bowery, New York. The last series of games played was between the Apollo Pin Knights and the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan beat the Pin Knights by a score of 951 to 839 points; the Apollos defeated the Pin Knights by 965 to 862; then the Apollos defeated the Metropolitan by 923 to 887. This gives the latter first prize in the tournament. M. Magerns wins the first individual prize. Mr. Brethauer gains second, and A. Gahn gets third.

On Feb. 21 a boxing and gymnastic entertainment was held at the club-house of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club, Penn street and Wythe avenue. The gymnasium was packed to its utmost capacity, and the programme was a long one and the talent excellent. The principal events were boxing by Connolly and Laflay, Cryslar and Williams, Joe Denning and Marshall and Mike Donovan and Joe Sperry; wrestling by Young Bibby and Reinhardt and O'Brien and Canfield; club-swinging by Prof. Laflin and J. D. Harris, and gymnastics by Messrs. Stoll, Barnett, Smith and others.

The admirers of Malone, the fifteen-ball pool champion, claim to be eager to make a match with Frey, but, according to some of the latter's backers' statements—and they are gentlemen of veracity—all their overtures in the matter of match-making have been ignored or refused altogether. No one who follows sporting events closely will believe that Frey cannot find the sinews of war for an encounter with Malone, and, what is still more, if this pair do come together the Boy will have the call in the betting of at least 5 to 4, in face of the fact that the Chicagoan has won two tournaments right off the reel.

At the Armory, Cleveland, Ohio, recently, the wrestling match between L. L. Burton, of Clio, Mich., and Gideon Rabshaw, of Cleveland, attracted a large crowd. Wm. Bell was referee. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, Burton to win five consecutive falls or lose the match. Burton won nimbly at work, but Rabshaw straddled and sprawled all over the carpet in his efforts to keep as far as possible from his opponent. Burton floored his man neatly four times in 16, 25, 12 and 2m respectively, when Rabshaw and his backers gave up the stakes.

In the last chapters of the sketches entitled "The Irish Champions," published in a so-called sporting paper, there are numerous errors and mistakes. Dan Donnelly did refuse to fight Jack Carter after he had been matched against him. According to the Dublin Journal of Sept. 18, 1819, Donnelly and Carter were matched on Sept. 20, 1819, for \$400. Donnelly's backer, Byrne, posted \$20 for Donnelly, while Wm. Dowling posted a like amount for Carter. Articles of agreement were signed, and the fight was to have been decided on Nov. 25, 1819. Donnelly refused to fight be-

cause Carter and his backer would not allow Donnelly to select the stakeholder.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopania, Wm. Baker, James E. Bessom, Doc. Baggs, John Conners, Wm. Clark (2), William Courtney, Charles Courtney (2), Peter Duryea, C. Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Mike Donovan, Chas. F. Eldred, Dick Garvin, Gas Hill, Alonzo Hiwanda, Ed. Hanlan, John Hickman, Franz Kuzener, Thomas King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Jas. Mace, Thad. W. Melghan, Harry Monroe, Archie McCombs, Wm. Mantell, Geo. W. Moore, Wm. Muldoon (2), Dan O'Leary, E. Pigeon, Wallace Ross, June Rankin, Frank Rose, John L. Sullivan, Mr. Sparks, Stephen W. G. Tennant, Miss Minnie Vernon, Dick Yarwood (2).

A NOTED sporting man called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 18, posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and agreed to conditionally accept the challenge of John Hughes, the Lepper, to run either Patrick Fitzgerald or Chas. Rowell six days, allowing them two hours start, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. The gentleman referred to is well known among sporting circles, and evidently means business. He agrees to match an Unknown to run Hughes a six-day go-as-you-please race for any sum from \$2,500 to \$10,000 a side, agreeing that the race must take place before the six-day championship race, which commences April 28, in Madison Square Garden. If Hughes and his backer were in earnest when they issued the deft, and will not back out, a match will be arranged.

DAY after day we receive letters from correspondents requesting information about the middle-weight championship. There are so many pugilists claiming the honor that it would be a difficult matter to decide who is entitled to it. George Rooke, after his defeat by Matthew Moore, for \$2,000 and the championship, became possessed of the title by Moore's retirement from the arena. Since then there has been no contest for the middle-weight championship. McClellan, Donovan, Bryan Campbell and other pugilists have had the assurance to claim the honor, but none of them ever fought for it and therefore had no right to claim it. Pete McCoy is also among the class that want to be styled middle-weight champion, but his claim is no better than the rest of them.

ONE of the most important cocking mains of the season was decided on Feb. 14, on Long Island, between birds representing Rochester, N. Y., and Paterson, N. J. There was a large attendance of those interested in the sport, and the wagering was very heavy. According to the conditions of the main, each side was to show seventeen birds, and fight all that fell in between 3 lbs 15 oz and 15 lbs. Fifteen pairs mated, but only eleven of them fought, as Rochester won eight out of this number, which gave them the main, and the Jersey men thought it useless to continue. Many of the battles were very long ones, and it was broad daylight long before the main was settled. The ninth fight was a memorable one, as it lasted 1h 15m, which is one of the longest known with two-inch gaffs. Each battle was for \$100, and it was said that \$1,000 extra was pending on the main. The Rochester fowls won the main; score 8 to 3.

The cocking main between New York city and Rochester and Troy game-fowls, was decided at Troy on Feb. 21. The conditions were for each side to show thirteen, and fight all that weighed in at weights ranging from 4 lbs to 5 lbs 8 oz for \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight. Nine on each side fell in. Denny Mahoney, of Rochester, and John Love, of New York, backed the New York and Rochester fowls, while a noted turfman found the stakes and backed the Troy chanciers. There was heavy betting on each battle and the main. New York won the first battle in 12m, and the second battle in 15m. Troy won the third battle in 6m; New York captured the fourth fight in 7m. The fifth fight lasted 22m, and was won by New York. New York won the sixth battle in 16m, the seventh in 6m, and Troy won the eighth battle in 13m. New York and Rochester won the main by a score of 6 to 2 out of the eight battles fought.

The following explains itself:
NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—As long ago as Oct. 16, the Leo Baseball Club, attached to the Young Men's Catholic Association of Transfiguration parish, were presented by you with a set of choice baseball bats in recognition of their record as ball-players. Accompanying this substantial gift was a communication over your signature complimenting the club and expressing your friendship and your faith in its future prosperity and achievements. This communication was read at the regular meeting of the club, and a unanimous vote of thanks were given you for your liberality and public spirit in promoting, encouraging and developing all manly sports. I was instructed at that time to communicate these facts to you, but, owing to a mistake of mine, I mislaid your note, and it was not until to-day, while examining some papers, that I found it, when I remembered that I had not answered it. I beg you, dear sir, to accept my apology for this oversight, and, believe me, that we feel deeply grateful to you for your extreme generosity, and that we congratulate you as the successful editor of the most complete, reliable and enterprising sporting paper on this continent. You have our good wishes for many years of such prosperity as well as our grateful acknowledgments for the handsome but unexpected gift with which you have honored us.
Yours, &c.,
ED. F. CONDON, Manager.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: Thomas McGinnis, Frank Stevenson, Col. Elard, Boston Globe; Tom Davis, Joseph Elliott, Herald; Edwin Bibby, Ed. Hanley, Mike Coburn, James Corcoran, James Paterson, Paddy Lee, James McHugh, Charley McCoy, Young Bendoff, Bob Smith, Tommy Barnes, Capt. Tuttle, Harry Force, Prof. P. C. Blatt, champion man-fish of the world, record 4m 11½s under water; Harry Robinson, J. T. Brett, proprietor "Police Gazette" Music Hall, Paterson, N. J.; Geo. Fullames, "Police Gazette" Shades, Harlem, N. Y.; Ben Devere (Michigan Bill), well-known Western theatrical manager; H. W. Peckham, Matsada Sorakichi, Charley Norton, Geo. Young Bill Davis, Joe Fowler, Harry King, Fred. Padlock, Charles Seelig, Tim Donovan, Gus Lippman (the John street Mouse); John M. Henry, H. E. McCourt, Brooklyn; E. H. Inlay, Spencer, Iowa; John Lane, Horace Johnson, John J. Flynn, Soap McAlpine, John Dempsey, Harry James, Bill James, Johnny Martin, Chas. Reynolds, oldest circus manager in America; James Fletcher, manager The Allen's Athletic Court; Barney Aaron, Chas. H. Funtle, Newark, N. J.; B. W. Whiteman, Supt. Cumberland M. and M. Co., Breckenridge, Col.; Geo. W. Thorn, of Keyport, N. J.; Geo. D. Noremac, Sam. C. Downing, Stamford, Conn.; John Wood, "Police Gazette" Photographer; Capt. J. McCullagh, Amy Howard and sister, the "Police Gazette" choristers; F. Canating, Paterson, N. J.; John Hughes.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

KEENAN and Mitchell are training for their approaching fight, the former at Joe Gaffney's, in Trenton, and Mitchell at Arthur Chambers, in Philadelphia.

The annual spring meeting of the Harvard Club will be held on the new quarter-mile track, on Holmes Field, Cambridge, June 7, 1884. The following events will be contested, open to all amateurs: one-mile bicycle (scratch); three-mile bicycle (handicap); five-mile bicycle (scratch); one-mile bicycle (scratch). Besides these open events, there will be several races open to college men only, and one or more Harvard versus Yale championship races. Gold, silver and bronze medals given in each event. Entrance fee, 50 cents. The right to reject any entry reserved. For information address Mr. F. Winthrop White, 10 Gray's Hall, Cambridge, Mass., to whom entries may be sent up to June 3d, 1884.

F. ARCHER, mounts 631, won 422, lost 209; J. Osborne, mounts 236, won 46, lost 190; G. Fordham, mounts 231, won 17, lost 154; K. Tomlinson, mounts 181, won 37, lost 147; A. F. Lemaire, mounts 201, won 31, lost 170; J. Snowden, mounts 133, won 20, lost 113; C. Bowman, mounts 132, won 15, lost 117; D. Goodway, mounts 109, won 12, lost 97; T. Hill, mounts 64, won 10, lost 54; E. Rossiter, mounts 108, won 13, lost 90; A. Giles, mounts 272, won 38, lost 236; H. Morgan, mounts 179, won 25, lost 154; H. Huxtable, mounts 138, won 11, lost 127; G. Barrett, mounts 385, won 63, lost 322; T. Bruckshaw, mounts 180, won 42, lost 138; C. Wood, mounts 622, won 186, lost 438; J. Woodburn, mounts 24, won 33, lost 251; W. Platt, mounts 156, won 29, lost 130; T. Weedon, mounts 118, won 15, lost 103; J. Goater, mounts 131, won 12, lost 119; J. Griffiths, mounts 103, won 11, lost 92; J. Morrell, mounts 127, won 27, lost 100; G. Bell, mounts 116, won 14, lost 102; F. Webb, mounts 188, won 35, lost 153; C. Loates, mounts 362, won 50, lost 312; J. Watts, mounts 247, won 46, lost 201; T. Cannon, mounts 185, won 38, lost 147; A. White, mounts 245, won 23, lost 217; E. Martin, mounts 377, won 50, lost 327; S. Loates, mounts 483, won 77, lost 406; J. Fagan, mounts 192, won 36, lost 156; H. Luke, mounts 228, won 25, lost 203; F. Barrett, mounts 122, won 13, lost 118.

The athletic show under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club, at Madison Square Garden, on Feb. 16, to raise funds to send Myers, Waldron and Fredericks to England, was a grand success. The first race was a 75-yard dash. Winners were L. P. Smith (M. A. C.) 50 yards, M. Love (N. Y.) 6 yards, J. A. Shankland (A. A. C.) 6 1/2 yards. Time, 7 2/5s. The boys' race of 250 yards, won by A. J. Myles (N. Y.) in 31 2/5s. After this M. W. Ford, of the New York Athletic Club, attempted to beat the record for three standing jumps, which he did in each of his three trials, claiming 32 ft 10 in, 33 ft 1/2 in, and 33 ft 3/4 in. The latter beats the record by 1 1/2 in. Nine started in the half-mile race. Avery, of the Manhattan, and Badeau, of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club, formally entered a protest against Myers as to his qualifications as an amateur. This was done in order to make it a test case, as the English runners seem to question his amateurship. The matter will be investigated, and no doubt will bring out some very important queries as to professional and non-professional, and it may leak out that Badeau has been keeping Myers. T. J. Murphy, who had 40 yards, won; Myers, who started from the scratch, was second. Myers was beaten by 10 yards, in 2m 1 1/5s. In the two-mile bicycle race only six showed up. P. M. Harris, Ixion Club, 100 yards, won; H. J. Hall, Jr., Kings-ton Club, 50 yards, second; C. A. Reed, Columbia College Club, 20 yards, third. Time, 9:23 2/5s. The mile race had a big field of starters and was won by George D. Smith (A. A. C.) 100 yards; H. Fredericks (M. A. C.) scratch, second; F. J. Conway (P. A. C.) 40 yards, third. Time, 4m 44 3/5s. Two hundred and twenty yards dash. There were four heats; W. G. Morse (N. Y. A. C.) 20 yards start, first; H. H. Solomon (W. A. C.) 20 yards, second; F. J. Kretzer (N. S. A. C.) 20 yards, third. Time, 24 1/5s. The two-mile walk had twenty-five entries, most of whom started, a few being, however, disqualified. Won by I. I. McDermott (P. A. C.) 350 yards; A. B. Rich (S. J. A. C.) 600 yards, second; A. Belage (A. A. C.) 450 yards, third. Winner's time, 14m 7s. The quarter mile hurdle race was run off on two preliminary heats. M. A. Ford (N. Y. A. C.) 14 yards, first; J. J. Rely (N. Y. C.) 30 yards, second; J. G. Mason (W. H. C.) 35 yards, third. Time, 1m 6 1/5s. The last race on the list was the quarter-mile foot race, which was won by F. A. Ware (C. A. C.) 55 yards, first. Time 5 1/5s.

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